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November 6, 1926

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

By the author of "White Fire"

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

tells the story of the girl of today in search of "romance"

"They call it Love"

A Story by
Oscar Graeve
"The Dinner Party"

Nov. 6, 1926

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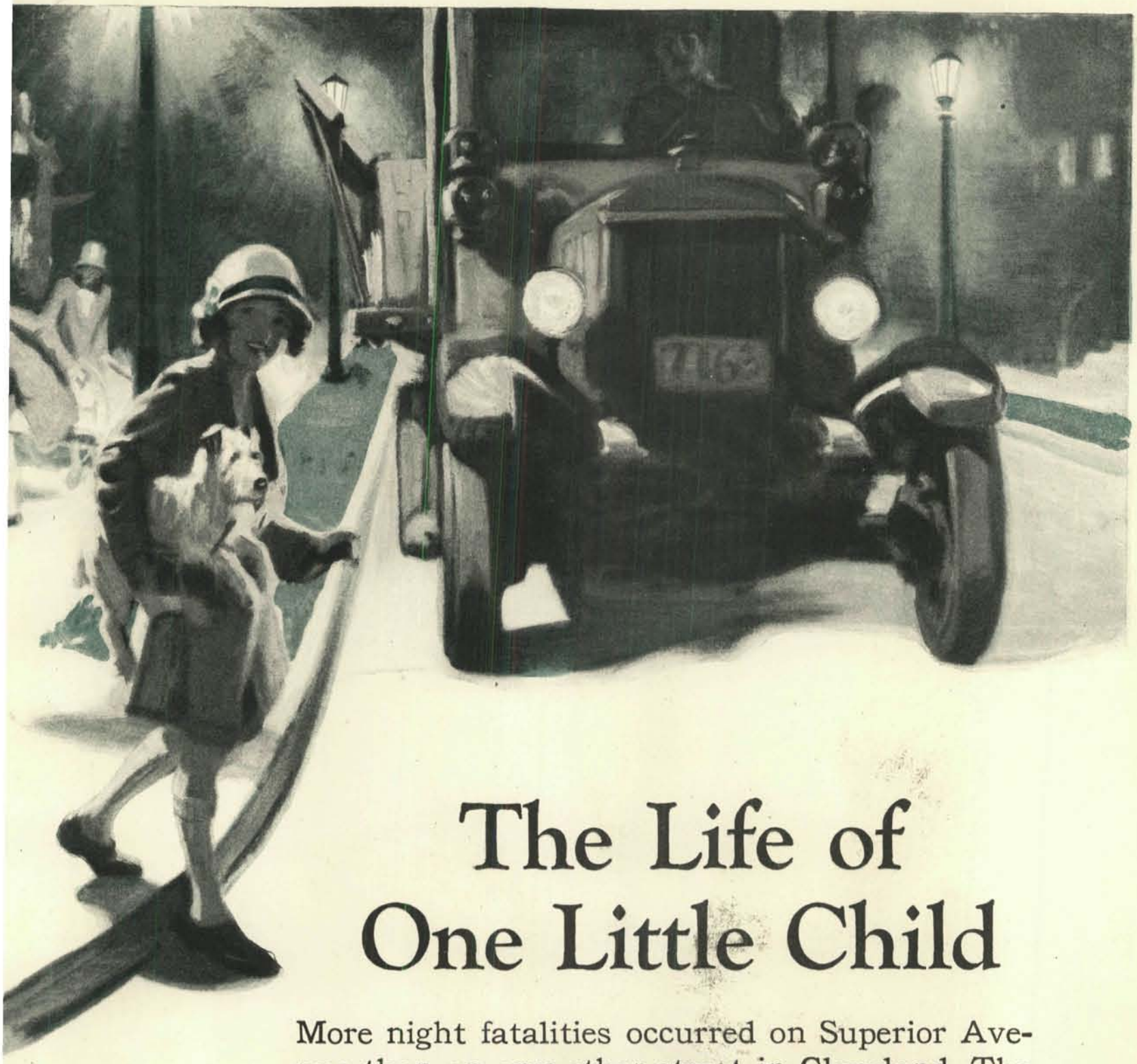

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LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S *latest novel, in which a very modern girl starts down a very old road*

They call it Love

THE two young people who sedately threaded that after-dinner flux in the foyer of the Biltmore had the luck to find, toward the inner end of the Forty-third Street corridor, a divan without a tenant. On this they settled in silence and with other evidences of shyness too. The boy—he looked a rather settled three-and-twenty—held a stiffish spine for one so well made, proved a disposition to look through and round people instead of at them, and couldn't rest without frequent reference to a very new gold strap watch. The girl, while taking an easier interest in all the goings on, ever and again would visibly remind herself that it were seemlier perhaps to be more self-contained.

A dark maid and pretty in a way that called old miniatures to mind, she wore a pinkly frivolous "party dress," a wrap trimmed with unassertive fur, no hat on a brown unshingled head and no jewelry whatever. Pallor like a clear dusk peculiarly suited the lean cast of her brother's face with its taut mouth and eyes well recessed. On both the stamp of caste was so boldly printed that few Americans would have wondered to hear a soft singing voice name the boy "Beau," which was short for Beauregard.

What it actually said was: "What's the matteh, Beau? Something fea'fully impo'tant on fo' to-night?"—but this was hardly the crude trick that the types make it out.

THE brogue had rather more body that answered: "That's all right, Fay, but I don't just see any use in my waiting."

"What's your hurry?" For this fond teasing Beau had only his public doting on his birthday present to blame. "What's this heavy date you haven't told me about?"

"Never you mind about my dates, young woman. I've got better things to do than roost here owling a slough of strangers. You'll be all right till your Mrs. Neale turns up . . . won't you?"

The mischief passed from Fay's countenance. "Don't be silly," she said, half indulgent, half indignant. "My goodness! As if I wasn't old enough to be trusted out alone after dark. . . ."

"Not got up like that, you aren't. I declare if you weren't my sister I'd just naturally strike up a flirtation with you myself."

"Go 'long with you!" Fay dimpled on him, all the same. "Though I don't know if it's wise: after all, Beau, you're only a raw country lad in a great strange city."

"Just for that I've got a good mind to stick and meet this mysterious Mrs. Neale of yours—"

"And keep one of your sweethearts waiting? Beau! How could you?"

"—and tell her Mother said be sure and not keep you out later than eleven."

The consideration that her brother was quite capable of making this threat good reduced Fay to the ambiguous defiance of "You just do!"

"Oh, all right—if you're afraid to let me meet your fine friends—"

"Only because you'd fall in love with Hattie Neale—you do with every pretty woman—and she's married."

"Well, seeing you're so set on getting rid of me. . . ." Still Beau hung on a scruple and had to fall back on his faithful timepiece. "Half past already. . . . Sure you don't mind, Fay?"

She was, demurely, quite sure. Nevertheless she recalled him in an anxious key and, when Beau bent an ear, solicitous, contributed to it a thrilling whisper—"Don't forget to show her your *watch!*"—and sank back to stifle a giggle as young dignity took him off in a stalk.

But almost immediately Fay was taken with a sobering small pang of clan jealousy. Suppose there really was some woman waiting in the cloudy offing of these new fortunes. . . .

That Lascelles men were fatal was as fixed an article of family faith as that Lascelles women were chaste.

Then a wave of self-consciousness washed out imaginary cares: One of two passers-by tweaked his companion's sleeve to call attention to the lonely shape of charm on the long divan. Fay sat breathless till they moved on with bantering comment which caused her cheeks to fly their best color and left the girl rueful of the readiness that had humored Beau's impatience.

"Miss Lascelles?" At that nasal

What a silly little fool she had made of herself

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squeal, which cut the rumor of music and voices as an acid cuts oil, Fay's heart gave a heavy thump. Through the throngs a stunted shape nosed, its livery of a page boy at odds with the mask of a learned rat, hard lips releasing at intervals that confounding call: "Miss Lascelles?"

Dread of making herself conspicuous caused a half-lifted hand to hesitate and fall. The page, however, was alert: "Miss Lascelles? Wanted on the telephone. . . ."

The girl got up, fumbling uncertainly in her vanity bag. Was it the thing to tip for being paged? And would a dime be scorned? Blind instinct more than wit held her in the wake of heels that led to one of the public booths, where untuned North American accents cloyed her hearing with synthetic honey:

"Fay dear? I've been simply hours trying to get you. Such a horrid accident: Frank Conover —I could murder the little beast! —spilled a cocktail down the front of my gown. But it won't take me five minutes to change, and then we'll come right along. Phil Weston shown up yet?"

"I don't know, Hattie, I've never—"

"How hopeless of me! Anyway, Phil ought to be there any minute now, and I told him to look out for you if he got there first, so don't hesitate to bulge right up and speak to him. He's tall and the best-dressed thing you ever dreamed of and homely, sort of, and always wears a gardenia: you simply can't help recognizing him. Bye-bye, Baby—I'll hurry the mostest I can—bye-ee!"

THE divan from which she had been haled was still unclaimed and Fay sat down to wonder whether the sketch of herself furnished Mr. Philip Weston had been equally free-handed. Whether or no, it was a demonstrated fact already that a girl alone couldn't be on the alert for the best-dressed thing (male) she had ever dreamed of without learning that every native of trousers in the neighborhood was eying her more or less on the bias.

Then, too, sitting with lashes downcast proved a trifle irksome, while in the parade of assorted feet on the strip of carpet which she was religiously studying brown boots with buttoned cloth tops soon made themselves a feature too prominently recurrent. And when, presently, these sauntered to the other end of the divan, on which their wearer perched, slewing sidewise to hold her in a stare, Fay sickly perceived that nothing but open flight could avert a difficult scene. Even now the boots were hitching toward her, speciously suave accents were intoning a time-hallowed formula, "Pardon me, but haven't we—"

Fay jumped up. So did the tenant of the brown boots, with a spate of blandishments. At the same time panicky eyes were gladdened by sight of a gentleman at hand whose interested expression seemed gratefully empty of impudence—and who, more to Fay's purpose, had both an agreeably unpretty countenance and a gardenia to grace a dress coat which, like everything else he wore, somehow contrived to seem just right in a way all its own: beyond one whit of possible doubt, Hattie Neale's Mr. Weston. . . .

"Oh!" Fay cried to him in a flutter—"were you looking for me?"

"Everywhere." To a smile at once quizzical and friendly the man added a proper bow. "I was beginning to be afraid I'd never find you."

"I'm so glad you did!"

"Believe me, so am I. Wherever have you been hiding from me all this while?"

"I've been right here," the girl protested, but in a falter as foreboding visited her mind like the shadow of a cloud sweeping a fair landscape. For either this Mr. Weston didn't understand, Hattie Neale's instructions having left him a measure unprepared, or. . . .

"Mrs. Neale just telephoned," Fay babbled on in passionate denial of that misgiving—"she's been delayed—and said I was to look out for you. She ought to be here, any minute now."

"I hope she won't," the gentleman with the gardenia confessed. "This is such a happy end to all my waiting, I could do for the present without the intervention of any third person, however singular."

HE WAS laughing at her—but only with his voice—and laughing not so much at as with her, as though he counted on her sharing his relish of a rare titbit of adventure.

"Oh," the girl gasped—"then you're not—"

"Oh, yes, I am really! This is me."

"You're not Mr. Weston—!"

"But I can't help that. Neither can you. And who are we to question the will of God?"

"Oh"—Fay moaned—"dear!"

That might have been a signal the heavens were only waiting for to open and spill their store of calamity; on its echo Mrs. Neale befell.

Plausibly fair, not too plump, and still of years as lightly problematic as the whereabouts of her husband; arrayed as always in the damned good taste of a fashion editor with a high body polish added, and, as always out of office hours, casting in effect a brace of vaguely masculine shadows: Hattie Neale claimed her young friend with shrill empressment.

"Fay darling! Have I kept you waiting a dreffel long time? Can you ever forgive me? I mean, Conny here"—the lesser of the shadows, the most of whose effect was that of a tame smile caged in horn goggles—"because it's all his fault. Though Phil Weston's almost

The young man made her a gay bow and went his way; not unaware, perhaps, that the girl he left behind him was ready to weep with shame

Illustrated by
T. D. SKIDMORE

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as much to blame: he promised he'd be here on the dot, and we only just met him coming in."

"Nobody," the taller satellite put in—he sported another gardenia with the cast-iron gravity of a graduate wag—"nobody who knows Mrs. Neale ever discounts a date she makes by less than an hour."

"DO SHUT up, Phil!" The lady turned a tepid shoulder to that cynic. "I was so fussed about you, baby, though I wouldn't have been if I'd dreamed you had brought your brother." She enveloped the attentive gentleman in a glow of great kindness. "Of course *this* is the good-looking brother I've heard so much about?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Neale, I . . ."

"No such luck, Mrs. Neale." The unknown was deft to pick up his cue. "Mine's by far the happier lot: Fay and I aren't even distant relations."

"Priceless!" Hattie crowed. "Johnny-on-the-spot with the old subtle stuff, aren't you? Fay, you imp! If you don't tell me this instant—"

"Beau had an engagement, and so—" But to confess the stark truth would be too awful, while to gloss it passed an inexpert tongue. "I mean . . ."

"Somebody had to pinch hit for Beau," the stranger again adroitly carried on. "So here I am, by your leave, Mrs. Neale, a makeshift but well-meaning. I hope you won't despise me on that account."

"Oh, don't worry! Just you try to get away and see what happens. But what I want to know is: Who the dickens are you?"

"My name is Jerrold"—that, at all events, was the way Fay's ears heard it through roarings of confusion—"and my sponsors in baptism wished me on the world, rather unfeelingly, I've always thought, Joel—"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Neale clapped hands to her pretty ears. "I can't bear it! I'll have to call you Jerry."

"Please."

"And now that's settled, we really must rush along. Oh! I 'most forgot: Fay—Miss Lascelles—these grinning donkeys are Frank Conover and Phil Weston. And Mr. Jerrold. . . ."

The grinning donkeys dutifully scraped to Fay and pressed their hands on Mr. Jerrold. And the girl, in one last gasp of consternation, perceived that it was the cold-blooded purpose of this engaging impostor to attach himself to their party, knowing too well that Fay herself wouldn't know how, even if she could find the courage, to disown him. In witness to which there was a smile in cool, blue-gray, understanding eyes that clearly said: "Oh, come now! You know this is a lark. Don't tell on me and spoil the fun."

SHE thought her quandary appalling, and all at once became aware of being sprayed, from a little distance, with strident cajolery.

"Fay darling! I simply insist on your lending me your man for a while—I want to find out if I really like him. And you can have Conny and Phil, baby, and get acquainted."

"Well?" Mr. Jerrold knitted an apprehensive pucker into his brows that was most flattering. "Are you going to be cross with me, Fay Lascelles?"

"Oh," the girl heard herself lightly laugh—"you're hopeless!"

He took that with a light-hearted bow, and went to join Hattie Neale, leaving Fay rather vain of that desperate, gay gesture of hers. It was the first time she had ever dared be pert with a man of experience, and she considered her maiden try had come off rather well. Even though he was an unknown quantity. . . .

MUSIC met them at the very threshold, a tango sung by muted strings, to one at Fay's romantic age heady as gusts of tropic perfume wafted on the wings of rhythm. A man-servant matter-of-fact enough was there as well, however, to sort the guests by sexes, herd the males into a coatroom off the foyer, and shoo the females up a short but steep and twisty staircase. This led to the perch of the band, a balcony that looked out over a studio of imposing spaces, paneled to its beams in old carved oak, so shrewdly lighted that no lamps were visible to account for the dull golden dusk that bathed it, and furnished with a miscellany of lovely things which subtlest taste had made congenial.

A dressing-room opened off this balcony, and the mirror which Fay presently consulted there showed a starry-eyed young thing with cheeks whose glow asked no enhancement. Well pleased, she hummed snatches of that insinuating, lawless melody, sketched to it a delicate pas seul, and conceived that she was happy, that this was truly the atmosphere she had been born to and had gone wearying for unawares all her young life long.

The room was in fact a small bedchamber whose luxurious appointment ran even to a dressing table decked with toilet pieces in tortoise-shell and gold. If that seemed odd, the studio might quite well, of course, be a married man's. On the other hand, those framed French prints that spotted the walls were—well!

Hattie Neale, poring on her own vivid image, spared a peer into the mirror for the girl behind her and slyly prolonged it.

"Men are comic beasts, aren't they, darling? You wouldn't think they'd smear their rooms up with such pictures nowadays, would you, when we women are getting to be so liberal about the way we dress for them?"

"I don't know. . . ." It would never do, of course, to measure New York ways by backwoods standards. "Whose studio is this, Hattie?"

"Paul Manquist's. He does all our covers, you know. Mr. Reseda always borrows it to throw his parties in. He made such a wreck of it last year, though, Manquist swore he'd never let him have it again. But Manny Reseda and Manquist are thick as a couple of thieves, always together, raising the devil, when Manny comes on from Chicago."

"Why did he wreck it?" Fay puzzled.

"Oh! It got pretty wild before it broke up. At least," Hattie thought fit to amend, "that's what I heard. I saw how things were going and eased out like an honest woman about 2 A. M."

"I should think so. Will it last that late to-night, do you suppose?"

"Parties like this don't begin to mellow much before morning, Innocence. But don't you worry: I promise you'll get away safely before the animals begin to break out of their cages."

"I'm not worrying," amour propre naturally protested. "I should think it would be interesting, in a way. I only wondered. . . ."

"Besides," Hattie pursued, pouting for lipstick uses, "I'm not so sure you aren't perfectly able to take care of yourself, young woman. I begin to suspect you're as deep as the next one."

"'Deep'—Hattie?"

"Why didn't you ever tell me you were so thick with Don Gerould?"

"Don—!" A quick ear caught the distinction between plain "Jerrold" and, as Hattie Neale pronounced it, with an intriguing accent, "Gerould;" Fay curbed her tongue on the brink of a bad slip. "I don't think you ever asked me. Besides, we aren't what you call 'thick.' Why?"

"Well! Any girl that travels with Don Gerould's pretty apt to know her way about. And I do think you might have put me wise when he said his name was Joel."

"Well, isn't it?"

"Of course it is, baby: Joel Donald Gerould. But nobody that knows New York ever dreams of calling him anything but Don Gerould, and I only let him get as far as Joel—ghastly name! There"—Hattie sat back to rejoint her lipstick—"now any man that kisses me to-night will have to manage three licks at least before he can truthfully say he's touched my person. Come along, darling."

FAY tried to smother a small gasp, but Hattie pounced on that betrayal, pinched her cheek, and went out laughing. And Fay, on the point of following, had to fall back and make way for another guest who was drifting in to leave her wraps, a girl no older but slightly taller than herself and rather sturdily formed though in every aspect graceful. This first impression struck Fay not speechless only but almost witless, she thought the face beneath the red gold hair so incomparably lovely. But then Fay had always been given to prostrations of dumb worship in the presence of beauty, and all her tribute to its present manifestation began and ended in one gusty "Oh!"

"Something the matter?" the fair girl paused, smiling, to inquire.

"Oh, no!" Fay stammered—"I mean, I'm sorry—"

"Whatever for?"

"I couldn't help staring—I wasn't expecting you—and you're so beautiful."

"Am I? Anyhow, I think it's sweet of you to tell me."

This was a contralto of such low register its rich inflections just missed being throaty, and Fay had a nice ear for voices. "I felt so shaky, sort of," it went on rather diffidently to confess as the other girl let a wrap of brownish ermine fall—"I mean, about coming here to-night. You see, I don't know a soul in this town, only Mr. Reseda. And to have the very first person I meet say such nice things—well, I feel a whole lot more comfortable already, thank you!"

"I don't know anybody either," Fay chimed in haste—"not even Mr. Reseda, to speak to—only Hattie Neale, who brought me. So—it's a sort of bond, isn't it? We can be friends, I mean, because we're such strangers. . . ."

"I hope so."

"That's Hattie now, calling me. I'm Fay Lascelles. What's your name?"

"Lona," said the blond girl with a shade of hesitation—"Lona Schell."

"Then—I must run—we'll see each other later downstairs."

Hattie, already halfway down the winding staircase when Fay appeared, led from its (*Continued on page 45*)

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What Fur? By ROSE FELD

"Except for two furs, Hudson Bay sable and Hudson seal, the name of every pelt on the market, honestly sold, can be found in a good dictionary," says a noted fur expert

"And so we bought a rabbit skin to wrap our Greta Garbo in"

Metro Goldwyn

IF YOU saw a woman wearing a chinchilla coat and a smart sports hat stepping out of a gay roadster, would you stop, look and listen because there was something wrong with the picture?

Probably not, if you are one of the hundred million and more who are uninitiated in what, for want of a better term, may be called "fur etiquette." Yet, according to Captain Thierry Mallet, president of Revillon Frères of New York, the Tiffany of the fur world, this woman is as guilty of a breach of good taste as her husband would be if he were caught going to the opera in tweed knickers, swallowtails, and a silk hat. For there are daytime furs and evening furs, and it is the wise woman who knows which is which.

"There are definite rules for the guidance of those who wear furs," says Captain Mallet. "The woman of means and good taste will never wear ermine and chinchilla in the daytime. Both of these are evening furs and nothing else.

"Nor is this entirely a matter of rule without foundation in reason. Chinchilla and ermine are rare furs and exceedingly costly. To expose them to the sunshine and the rain is criminal, for it hurts them. Like filmy silks and beautiful velvets and satins, they are among the luxuries of life and should be kept for occasions where they will show up best and receive the least wear.

"Other furs there are that can with no offense to good taste be worn both afternoons and evenings. These are mink, Russian sable, Hudson Bay sable, and Kolinsky. These may be worn in the daytime with a hat; in the evening without a hat and all the accouterments of evening wear. All other furs are daytime furs.

"Laying down rules of any sort is a disagreeable job at best. When I make statements about what is right for evening and what is right for daytime, I am thinking, of course, of the women who have the means to buy and wear the proper furs for the proper occasions.

"This doesn't mean that I should think it bad taste for a woman to go to a dance in a squirrel coat. She probably can afford but one coat, and squirrel is the fur she has chosen. Neither my feelings nor any person's feelings can be hurt by that. But I will say, quite frankly, that good taste is outraged by the woman of means who will go shopping in a $30,000 chinchilla coat, swinging over her arm a chain bag which cuts into the precious fur. There is no excuse for her. She might with as much propriety go shopping in an evening gown."

How to care for furs

1. **Sunlight bleaches fur.**
2. **Rain and snow clot the hair and moisture rots the leather.**
3. **Never put a fur wrap in a hot place. Never hang it near a radiator to dry.**
4. **Have your furs hung in cold storage for the summer. Don't pack them away in camphor.**
5. **Furs should be hung when not in use, in winter as well as summer.**

Smart—and American

CAPTAIN MALLET'S criticism, it is seen, is directed entirely against the woman of great wealth who makes a vulgar display of it. For the average American woman he has great respect. In spite of the fact that he is a Frenchman, he thinks that nowhere in the world are women so well dressed as in America. And that holds for their fur apparel as well as for their other clothes. They are interested in the fashions of Paris, it is true, but they do not slavishly follow them. Rather they adapt them to their own style and personality.

"Fashions in fur," he says, "find their inspiration in the same place as fashions in clothes. Paris. Two or three times a year we send over a representative to Paris who makes a study of wraps shown by the better known couturières, and brings back with him several cloth models.

"The mode, the spirit, the line in the Paris cloth model inspires the making of American fur models. We do one of three things. We copy completely, we make changes to adapt the model to American taste, or we create new models bearing in mind the modish cut and line. If Paris, for example, says coats and wraps shall be thirteen inches from the ground, we do not sell anything that is six inches from the ground, for the outline, the silhouette, would be bad.

"There is much, however, that the individual furrier can do in making a wrap smart. Copying or adapting a dressmaker's model is not sufficient. He must have something in his own being which lends grace, charm and distinction to the work he creates. The artist can create a thing of beauty; the man who is merely a copyist can be trusted to do a serviceable job and nothing else.

"We have a saying in French which is always a good motto to follow: *Il y a beaucoup à prendre et beaucoup à laisser*. Literally translated, it means, 'There is much to take and much to leave.'

"The furrier of taste knows what to take and what to leave. And that is true also of the well-dressed woman. She knows what to take from the Paris fashion and what to eliminate. More and more as time goes on I find that the American woman is showing independence and individuality in taste. You can no longer impress her by the mere fact that a wrap is an exact copy of a French dressmaker's model. She wants the Paris tone but the American personality."

"What makes one fur fashionable and another not?" Captain Mallet was asked.

"Several things. Black fur may be popular for several seasons, and then women will switch around to brown. I suppose it is because they want to show that they can afford a new wrap.

"Furriers too have something to do with the creation of popularity of any one fur. A special kind of fur may be neglected for several seasons, and there is a glut on the market. To keep the fur going it is sold at a comparatively low price: many people buy it; more want to buy it: the snowball is started. The demand for it is created, and its price goes up.

"At the present time, however, this tendency is not as great as in the past. Every fur is in demand, for the simple reason that every girl and woman you meet has one kind of fur coat or another. The nation's prosperity has done it, of course. What used to be a luxury in the past is to-day a necessity. A stenographer without a fur coat is rare indeed.

"Women of means and of sense do not, however, go in for the new furs or the popular furs. They stick to the fur and the color they like best. They will discard a fur because they think it makes them look stout or old, but not for other reasons."

It is not in fashions or cut of line that the American (*Continued on page 42*)

Baffin Land miss with priceless white fox

$30,000 worth of chinchilla photographed under armed guard

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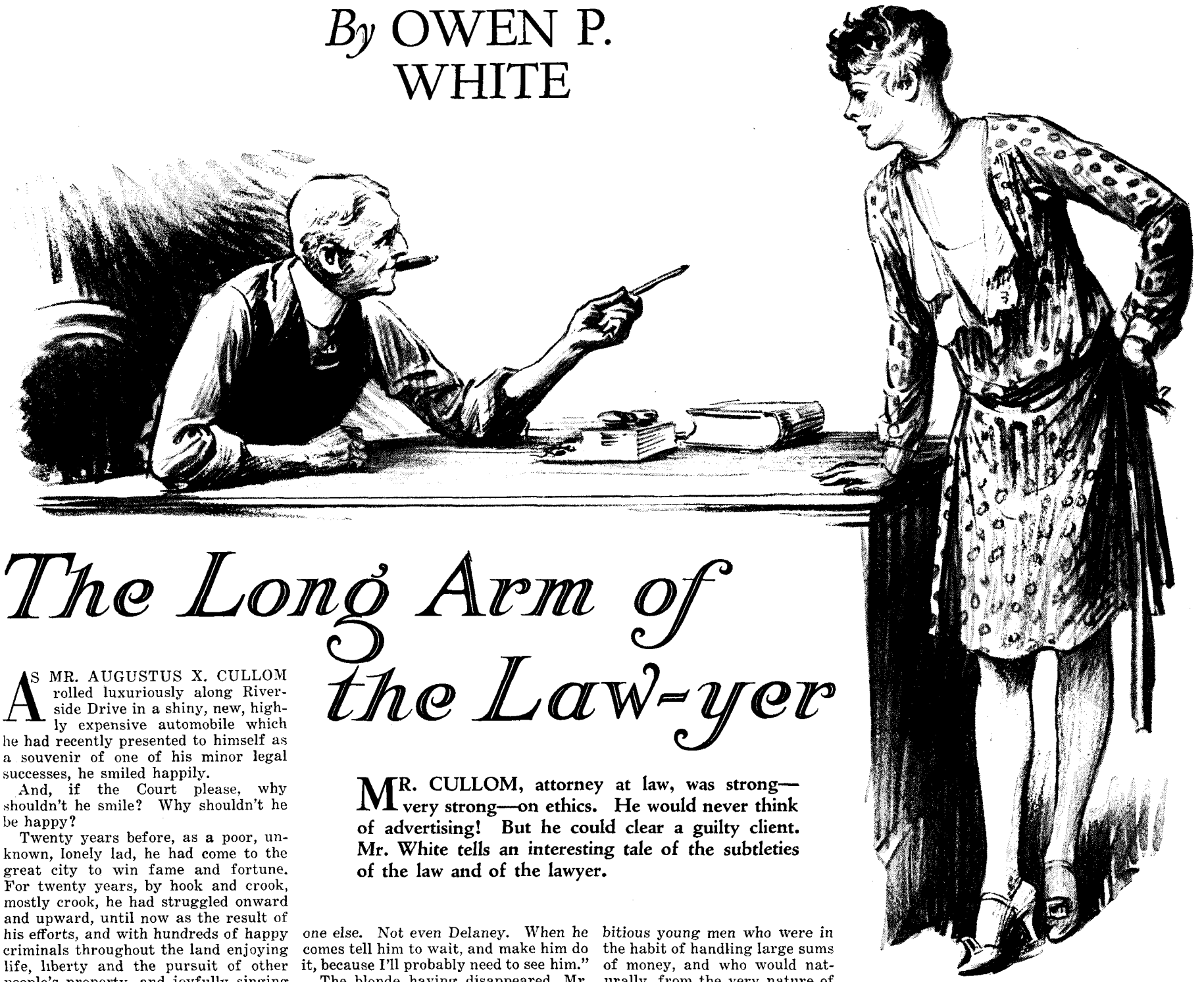
By OWEN P. WHITE



The Long Arm of the Law-yer

MR. CULLOM, attorney at law, was strong—very strong—on ethics. He would never think of advertising! But he could clear a guilty client. Mr. White tells an interesting tale of the subtleties of the law and of the lawyer.

AS MR. AUGUSTUS X. CULLOM rolled luxuriously along Riverside Drive in a shiny, new, highly expensive automobile which he had recently presented to himself as a souvenir of one of his minor legal successes, he smiled happily.

And, if the Court please, why shouldn't he smile? Why shouldn't he be happy?

Twenty years before, as a poor, unknown, lonely lad, he had come to the great city to win fame and fortune. For twenty years, by hook and crook, mostly crook, he had struggled onward and upward, until now as the result of his efforts, and with hundreds of happy criminals throughout the land enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of other people's property, and joyfully singing his praises, he was about to achieve the greatest success of his career.

But Mr. Cullom's career had been starred with successes. The very chauffeur beside him, who should properly have been in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, represented one of them; the three servants who were serving him in his bachelor apartment instead of serving the state in Sing Sing represented three others; while his ability to demand favors from quite a few prominent society folks, of both sexes, upon whom he had the dope, represented some more.

These things, however, were trivial in comparison with the big thing which he had pulled, and the rewards from which he would begin to reap that very morning.

At a few minutes before ten Mr. Cullom was in his private office, and there, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, he prepared to tackle the work of the day.

He pushed a button, summoned the blonde (who was not the least attractive of the many decorative features of his ornate reception-room), and said:

"Kit, in a few minutes a certain Mr. Perkins, a Mr. Thomas V. Perkins, is due to show up, and when he does show up show him in. He's a new customer, Kit—a good one, and we must treat him right. And until after Mr. Perkins has come and gone I don't want to see anyone else. Not even Delaney. When he comes tell him to wait, and make him do it, because I'll probably need to see him."

The blonde having disappeared, Mr. Cullom took a letter from his pocket and read and reread it several times. It was quite laconic and comforting:

Dear Mr. Cullom:

The national organization has been perfected along the lines indicated by you. You have been named as our legal adviser. Your transactions, however, with individual members are to be on individual footings, but with the guaranty of the organization behind each one.

To-morrow morning at ten o'clock Mr. Thomas V. Perkins will call at your office. He is a very competent young man. He will hand you your first month's retainer from the organization, and will also discuss with you a private matter of his own.

Yours very truly,
JOHN C. SHEELEY.

Counsel for Three Hundred

IT WAS this letter, received the day before, which had put Mr. Cullom into such a good humor. It represented the fulfillment of a dream of long standing. It meant that, instead of devoting his undoubted talents to aiding and abetting straggling and struggling evildoers, who were individually striving to achieve success along many different lines, he was now about to embark in an organized wholesale business as the retained counselor for a group of ambitious young men who were in the habit of handling large sums of money, and who would naturally, from the very nature of their trade, have to be liberal in their distribution of the same.

The inconsequential fact that this organization was made up of the nation's 300 best bank robbers, and was so recognized by the American Bar Association, meant nothing whatever to the well-trained conscience of Mr. Cullom.

At first he had had some faint scruples in the matter, but after he had looked up numerous legal precedents and had found that it was perfectly ethical, quite all right, for a respectable lawyer to represent a gang of crooks, those scruples had all disappeared.

To his entire satisfaction Mr. Cullom had read in the books that a former vice president of the national bar association had for years successfully kept a bunch of Chinese smugglers out of jail, and likewise had he noted with joy that the records literally bristled with cases wherein reputable practitioners used not only their vast legal ability but also their political and financial pull as well in defense of bank presidents and bank directors who had swindled their depositors out of much hard-earned cash.

If such things as these could be done, and the Grand Moguls among the lawyers who did them could still occupy high places in the political and social regard of the befuddled public, then why wasn't he, Mr. Augustus X. Cullom, who asked for no reward—except a lot of cash—entirely justified in exerting his efforts in behalf of a really talented, self-supporting and industrious set of scoundrels?

The blonde was not the least attractive feature of Mr. Cullom's outfit

Corporate and Confidential

HAVING fully decided that he was so justified, Mr. Cullom leaned back in his chair and cheerfully awaited the arrival of Mr. Perkins.

That gentleman was almost on time. At a quarter aften ten Mr. Cullom's phone rang, the blonde announced that Mr. Perkins was without, and a moment later the lawyer was shaking hands with a tall, alert-eyed, ambitious-looking young man of about thirty.

"I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Cullom, and then, as soon as his visitor had seated himself and accepted a cigarette, the attorney, with characteristic directness, dived straight into business:

"I got a letter yesterday from Sheeley telling me you'd be around this morning."

"Yes," replied Mr. Perkins, "and what else did he say?"

"That everything's all right and the organization perfected; that you'd hand me the money for my first retainer, and

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Illustrated by
R. V. CULTER

Among fellow artists, all hilarious, the able Mr. Perkins was showered with rum and flattery, and this was bad technical training

that you had a job of your own that you wanted to talk about."

"That's correct, and here's the money." Mr. Perkins handed Mr. Cullom three one-thousand-dollar bills, and continued: "Now, about this personal business of mine—shall we discuss it here?"

"Shoot," answered Mr. Cullom; "this office is as private as a tomb."

Accommodating Bankers

FOLLOWING his interview with his lawyer, whose wise counsel had been listened to with careful attention, Mr. Perkins went forth into the field of financial endeavor and within two weeks had successfully opened up three small banks in small towns in northern New York.

The cash turnover in these transactions was highly gratifying to everybody interested, and so when Mr. Perkins ran down to the metropolis for a week-end, and incidentally for a high time on Broadway, he was the recipient of many congratulations from his fellow artists, and the guest of honor at one or two very hilarious anti-Volstead demonstrations.

Even Mr. Cullom, with whom Mr. Perkins lunched on the day of his arrival in the city, was lavish in his praises. The lawyer characterized Mr. Perkins' work as that of a past master in the art, and refused to listen when the modest, blushing young man disclaimed all credit by saying that he couldn't get anywhere at all with his safe-cracking jobs if it wasn't for the banks themselves, which generously supplied him with electric power to operate the up-to-date, case-hardened drills which supplement his exceptionally powerful torches.

Having thus rested and rejoiced for a few days, Mr. Perkins went back to work. As indicated, Mr. Perkins was an expert "soup" and drill operator, and not a gangster or a gun fighter. What the young man didn't know about the interior mechanism and the exterior hardness of "burglar safes" wasn't worth knowing. Hence when he tackled his fourth job of the series, in a fourth small upstate New York town, he did so with high hopes of success.

Getting into the building on this occasion was easy. It meant only that Mr. Perkins sawed a bar on a rear window and bent it aside, stuck some adhesive tape on a pane of glass, cut out the glass, turned the window catch, raised the sash, and stepped within.

All of these things having been done, Mr. Perkins went cautiously around to the door of the vault, and there, much to his amazement, he came face to face with the cashier of the institution, who, with the idea of making a hurried trip to Canada on his own behalf, had just packed a hundred thousand or so into a neat alligator bag.

It was a most unusual situation. It so impressed itself at once upon both Mr. Perkins and the cashier, but Mr. Perkins acted first. He merely hit the cashier a terrific wallop over the head with a short steel jimmy, examined the contents of the valise, looked the vault over to be sure that the cashier hadn't forgotten anything, murmured a fervent prayer of thanks to the Gods of the Bank Burglars, and took his departure.

The following evening in New York City Messrs. Cullom, Perkins *et al.* read with ironic delight the glowing accounts in the papers of the heroic manner in which the courageous cashier had died in defense of the depositors' funds. And two months later those same depositors read with equal delight an equally glowing account of the arrest of Mr. Perkins!

That young man had a great weakness. Although he was an expert in the refined art of opening safes, he was not nearly so competent when he opened wine, and hence it befell that when one evening in a cabaret, under the influence of liquor, he made an entirely unnecessary display of an unusual amount of cash, he was gently pinched by a couple of detectives and taken to the station house for investigation.

Softening a Hard-Boiled Judge

THIS led to dire consequences. Mr. Perkins' apartment was searched, the detective found therein an alligator bag which tallied ominously with the description of the one in which the funds of the fourth bank had disappeared, and the magistrate immediately held the prisoner on a charge of robbery and murder.

This was unpleasant but not serious. Mr. Perkins abused himself roundly for not having disposed of the bag: he sent at once for Mr. Cullom. That gentleman was calm and undisturbed, and, as usual, he was very direct. On behalf of his client he demanded quick action, and he got it.

Almost before the New York detectives, who are used to having lawyers delay the game and not speed it up, had gotten through patting themselves on their broad backs in glorification of an important capture, the prisoner had been been whisked away to the county of the crime, indicted, and released on bail. The trial itself was in immediate prospect.

At first the matter of bail had given Mr. Cullom some little trouble. The upstate judge had been hard-boiled about it and had refused absolutely to consider the proposition, but later on, after Mr. Cullom had given first a gentle yank and then two or three hard jerks on certain strings which ran from his office to certain other influential quarters in the great city, the judge had been induced to take a new view of the case and had politely accepted a $30,000 bond.

No End of Bags

FOR two weeks Mr. Perkins was a free man, and then the trial came on. It was a rather strange proceeding considering the fact that a man's life was at stake. Indeed, it was unique. It was unique because Mr. Cullom sat back quite nonchalantly and allowed the prosecuting attorney to make his case. He didn't even cross-examine a single one of a half dozen witnesses from the robbed bank, all of whom swore that the alligator bag was the exact, the same, the identical bag that had been in use around the institution for three years.

The identity of the bag evidently didn't interest Mr. Cullom a great deal. It was the bag, of course, that the prosecution depended upon to send Mr. Perkins to the chair, and yet when the state had closed its case Mr. Cullom didn't even take the trouble to put Mr. Perkins on the stand to have him explain to the jury just where the bag had come from.

All that Mr. Cullom condescended to do in connection with the state's one piece of really incriminating evidence was to put the man who had manufactured the bag on the stand and draw from him the statement that he made several thousand exactly like it every year, that they were sold in thousands of stores throughout the entire country, and that he himself couldn't possibly tell one from another.

After thus having treated with contempt the case made by the state Mr. Cullom looked down condescendingly upon the prosecuting attorney and called a certain Mr. Williamson to the stand.

Mr. Williamson stated that he was the proprietor of a resort hotel at White Sulphur Springs, Va.

Did he know the defendant? He did.

When, where, (*Continued on page 32*)

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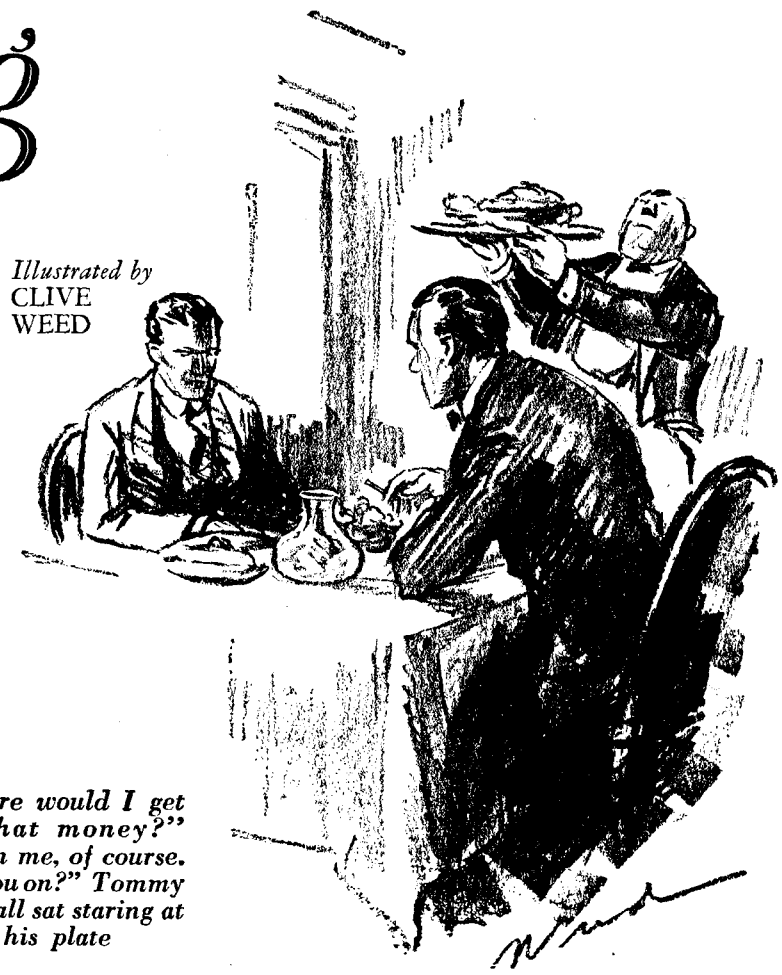
Why men go wrong

White-collar poverty—penny pinching—doctors' bills—and then a chance to make some "easy money." This is a true story

By FREDERICK ARNOLD KUMMER



Illustrated by CLIVE WEED

"Where would I get all that money?" "From me, of course. Are you on?" Tommy Kendall sat staring at his plate

TOMMY KENDALL was just going out to lunch when he received word that someone wanted to see him in the front office. Since his duties in the shipping department of Becker & Glantz did not require him to interview callers, he continued his way to the elevators, supposing that he had to do with some bond salesman or life-insurance agent.

The well-dressed young fellow who stood waiting near the telephone desk looked the part, and Tommy went up to him prepared for the usual high-powered greeting. Instead his caller merely nodded, without offering to shake hands, and addressed him in a low and somewhat guarded voice.

"Mr. Kendall?" he asked, and when Tommy nodded, went on: "I'd like to see you for a few minutes."

"What about?"

"Suppose we discuss that at lunch. I see you're just going out. Have a bite with me and I'll tell you what's on my mind."

Tommy hesitated, was lost. The prospect of lunching at someone else's expense is a thing to be considered when one is trying to support a wife and two children on sixty dollars a week.

The taxicab which they took at the sidewalk presently brought them to a quiet restaurant. When their order had been given the stranger regarded Tommy with a direct, smiling glance, but his eyes were not smiling; they were cold and gray, like gun metal.

"Like to make twenty-five thousand dollars?" he asked.

Tommy Kendall dropped the cigarette he had just lit.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" he exclaimed, his voice cracking.

"Don't have to broadcast it," the stranger growled softly. "That's what I said."

"How?" Tommy grew suddenly cautious, on guard.

"I'll tell you. Your firm has just ordered a carload of alk—alcohol—from the Standard Industrial. Twenty-five hundred gallons, in fifty-gallon drums. Shipped Saturday, C. & M. T. Right?"

"Yes," Tommy admitted, dazed. Becker & Glantz, being manufacturers of fruit and flavoring extracts, used close to a carload of grain alcohol a month. The bill of lading for this particular shipment had come in that morning, and was now on Tommy Kendall's desk. The stranger was quite clearly a bootlegger.

"Two things I want you to do for me," the man went on, in his soft, non-carrying voice. "One is to give me the number of that car, find out the number of the train it's coming by. No trouble to do that, is there?"

"I—I guess not," Tommy replied, "if I wanted to," but his companion paid no attention to the reservation.

"Second, I want you to meet that train down the line, at Pittston." He drew a road map from his pocket, indicated the place with the end of a burnt match. "She'll stop there for water. They all do. Get in touch with the engineer—the crew. Arrange with them to pull up at Hood's Crossing—that's ten miles west of Pittston—and stay there five minutes. Get me?"

"How would *I* get them to stop there?" Tommy asked. "They'd tell me to chase myself."

"Not if you slipped them five hundred iron men apiece, they wouldn't—seven-fifty to the engineer, maybe."

"But—even supposing I'd do it, where would I get all that money?"

"From me, of course. If you agree to take the job. Five thousand and expenses when you slip me the car number—the dope about the train. The rest when we get the stuff. Are you on?"

Tommy Kendall sat staring down at his plate, thinking, and his thoughts followed two widely different lines. One had to do with his honesty, his self-respect.

Always the Wife and Kids

ACCORDING to tradition, he should denounce this smooth-voiced stranger as a lawbreaker—call for the police. Strangely enough, he felt no such inclination. Instead his thoughts jumped to his wife, Nettie, and to how pinched and gray her face had looked that morning when he kissed her good-by. And to the argument they had had, Sunday, about household expenses and the way they kept running up in spite of Nettie's experiments with a budget system. He thought too of the operation which Dr. Miller had advised, for removing Tommy Junior's tonsils.

The Kendalls lived in white-collar poverty; they were used to being hard up—"one jump ahead of the sheriff," as Tommy grimly expressed it, but they got along, even if Nettie did have to sweat over the washtub and wear the same coat with its cat's-fur trimming for five years. It made it harder for Tommy to see his friends' wives parading in new finery.

Ed Bloom, his next-door neighbor, had cleaned up five thousand in the stock market, and Nettie's sister's husband, Joe Connolly, had bought a twenty-thousand-dollar house in Hillcrest on the proceeds of some mysterious operation, the details of which he refused to discuss. Joe said if the crooks in Washington could steal a billion in aircraft construction, or rotten oil deals, why shouldn't he get his?

That very morning Tommy had read a piece in the paper where the head of a big bonding company said dishonesty among white-collar men had increased 100 per cent in five years. Why wouldn't it, with bricklayers and plasterers getting twenty-five dollars a day, and coal miners and owners holding up the public for another hundred million?

The engineer caught the yellow glint of the bills. "It'll cost you four thousand, bo," he whispered

The Magic Yellow-backs

FIVE thousand dollars in advance, just for the car number, his companion had said. Tommy had never seen five thousand dollars in his life, nor one thousand—at least not until now. He glanced across the table. The young man opposite him had drawn a roll of bills from his pocket. It was a very thick roll—as big around as a woman's wrist—as Nettie's wrist, which was blue-veined and painfully slender.

What a sense of freedom, of independence, of power a man must have, who could go about with thousands in his pocket! In Tommy's purse lay a single dollar bill—his lunch money for the entire week.

"You—you think I can get away with it?" he whispered.

"Why not? You're taking no chances. Five minutes' stop at the crossing is all I ask. No rough stuff going to be pulled. Of course I don't know how *you* figure such things, but I don't mind telling you your boss, Becker, is a director in a bank where my crowd does business, and the bank ain't losing anything by it, believe me. Not with its stock selling around one thousand. Why—he's a customer of mine." The young man laughed softly. With sudden decision Tommy raised his head.

"I can get that dope about the car this afternoon," he said.

Three days later Tommy swung off the accommodation train at the little town of Pittston. Tommy wore a cheap sweater under his everyday coat and an old cap in place of the hat he had stuffed into his overcoat (*Continued on page 35*)

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All Alone

THERE are times when two is a crowd. The folks on these pages know the wisdom of the assertion that there are moments when one wants to be alone. They've all played lone hands one way or another at various times.

Keystone

Playing a lone hand, Col. T. E. Lawrence of the British Army achieved wonders in uniting the Arab tribes against Turkey during the World War. Then he returned to England, refused all honors, and voluntarily slid into obscurity

Below: All alone now, as when he was on his many lengthy hikes, Edward Payson Weston, at 84, is employed in an unimportant capacity at a small hotel. And the end of each day's stretch no longer finds admiring, cheering crowds hailing him

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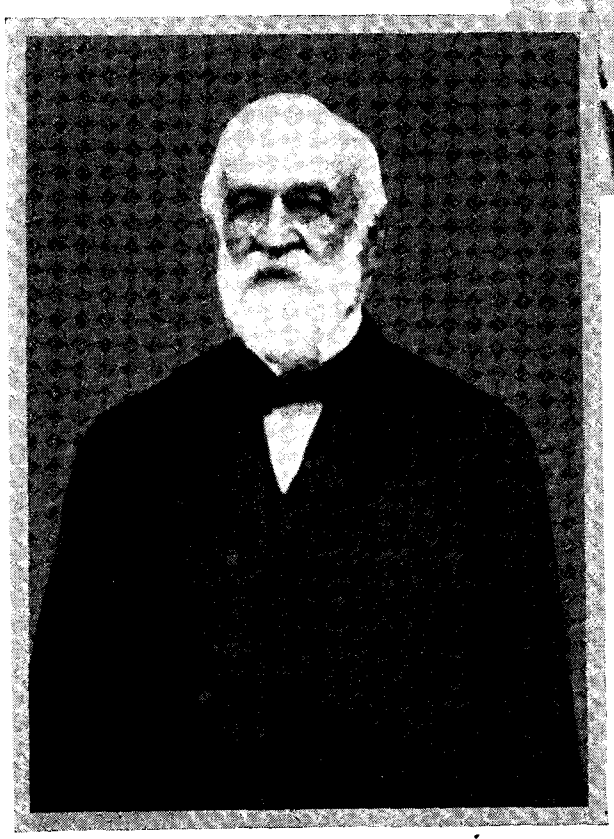
Even in the merriest of company, crossing darkest Africa could not be very much less than ambitious. But Mrs. Delia J. Akeley of the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences made the trip alone and enjoyed it hugely



At the left: Major Charles M. Stedman of North Carolina (85) stands firmly but alone—the last Confederate veteran in the House of Representatives. On his birthday his colleagues gave him a gold watch and a cheer that sounded from the Capitol down to Wilmington—and we don't mean Delaware

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Wide World

At the left: Lew Sarett, poet, lecturer and professor at Northwestern University, deliberately put civilization behind him for a spell in the woods alone. Well, perhaps not quite alone. Through a clerical error, no doubt, a photographer accompanied him into the wilds at the start

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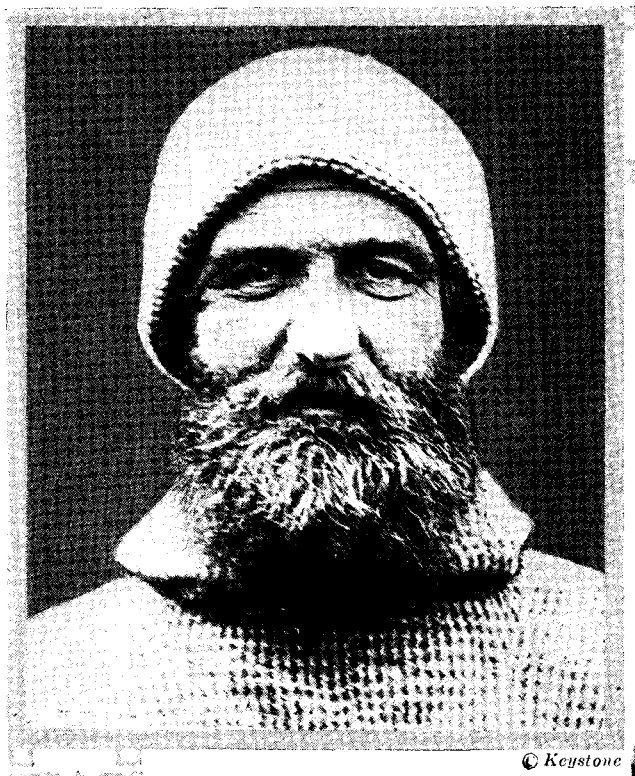
Below: Peter Freuchen, Danish explorer, was four years in Baffin Land before he was found. And maybe it wasn't a relief to be able to play an occasional bit of solitaire without someone looking over his shoulder and asking why he put a red ten on a red jack



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International

Whether he does it to get away from the booming of his own mighty voice or the chitchat of his Senate colleagues, Senator Borah manages a daily ride in Rock Creek Park before the daily tussle of lawmaking

Sir Basil Zaharoff is the man who lets his money talk —to the benefit of aviation, literature and himself— and he has been called the richest man in Europe. And he is now more than ever alone. Lady Zaharoff, Duchess of Villafranca, to whom he had been happily married only a year and a half, died early this year

Keystone

She walked 1,644 miles through England and Scotland with only a knapsack for company. Miss G. Rickards thinks walking is one thing and conversation is another and they don't go together

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When Sergt. John J. Loftus, Quartermaster Corps, stepped from the gangplank of the S. S. President Harding, to American soil, he automatically ended the war with Germany. Sergeant Loftus was the last man of the American Army of Occupation to leave Europe. He doesn't look as if the last hundred years—it must have seemed like that to him—of the war had hurt him any

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By
OSCAR
GRAEVE

The Dinner Party

Three couples, two married, one engaged, undergo an unexpected acid test. The results will surprise you!

SOMETIMES, and the times were becoming more frequent, Ellery Champ told himself that he had been a fool to marry so young. Or, rather, he had been a fool not to wait until he was more firmly established in life, was making more money, had more money in the bank or in investments of some sort. Money! No matter what the philosophers said about its relative unimportance, one's happiness did depend upon money. It was sickening!

As he left the station at Engleside and, through the gathering dusk of early evening, walked the half dozen blocks to his house, which was one of a row of small frame houses all painfully alike, he wondered what he and Louise would do: how they would feel if, for once, they had all the money they wanted. First of all, he decided, they would get a competent nurse to look after the children. Now that Betty was seven and Billy four, they could safely be left in the charge of a responsible person. For a little while, anyway. Then he and Louise would take a trip somewhere. Anywhere!

The travel advertisements of late had been very alluring. Secretly and with resentful desire, he had been reading a number of them in the newspapers and magazines. Not that it did him any good! There should be a law against these advertisements that implanted longings in one's breast, longings that could never be satisfied.

Louise was always wanting things that she saw advertised—vacuum cleaners, fireless cookers, iceless iceboxes, all the hundred and one things that had been invented to draw money from the pockets of the unwary under the pretext that they saved time, labor, and money too. "It pays for itself in thirty days"—what bosh!

He wondered, then, if Louise would be ready so that they could catch the six-seventeen back to town. Tom had said to be at his apartment at seven sharp . . . after dinner they were to go to the theatre.

Louise wasn't ready. After Ellery Champ had let himself in with his latchkey, he found her chasing Billy around the living-room. Billy's panties were hanging loose and one stocking was trailing. Reluctant as always to go to bed, he was shouting, gleeful and excited, as he darted from one chair to another and behind the couch.

LOUISE turned a flushed face to her husband. "Oh, Ellery, tell this bad boy he must go to bed now," she said, and laughed as she said it.

"You'll never be ready in time, Louise."

"I *know* it!"

Ellery seized his small son, shook him and marched him off to bed. He at least had some control over the children.

"Now, please, Louise—" he began.

She ran to him, kissed him lightly and was off up the stairs. "Don't be cross to-night, darling," she called back over her shoulder. "It isn't often we go on a party, you know."

He followed her sedately upstairs and pulled his dinner clothes from the closet. Although the edging of silk on his dinner coat was a bit worn, it still looked presentable. If he kept his coat buttoned, it wouldn't show at all.

But where was his dress shirt? Could it be that he had no dress shirt? He remembered now that he had thrown an old one away. He made havoc in his bureau drawers.

Then he sat down heavily on the edge of the bed. "This is the limit!" he said to himself, and repeated it aloud, "This is the limit!"

Suddenly he shouted to Louise, who was in the bathroom. "Louise! Louise, haven't I a dress shirt?"

Her voice came muffled through the bathroom door. "Yes, there's one in the bottom drawer."

"I can't find it."

She burst forth, slim in her silken underwear. "Oh, Ellery, why are you so stupid? You know I can't waste a minute—"

He was furious. "There isn't any there. You might have let me know in time."

"You are stupid!" She reached into the bottom drawer and instantly brought forth a glossy shirt. She threw it at him and vanished again.

Nevertheless, they managed to be dressed on time.

Louise stopped to speak to Mrs. Murphy, who came in every day to help and who had consented, for this special occasion, to stay all night so that someone would be there with Betty and Billy.

THEN they set off for the station. Ellery felt more agreeable. "You look rather nice to-night, Louise," he said, with a husband's careful enthusiasm.

She was tremendously pleased. "Oh, do I, Ellery? But how do I smell? I actually bathed this dress in cleaning fluid."

"I don't notice it."

"Well, maybe the wind will blow the smell away." She threw her coat wide to the sharp autumnal night.

He halted her and a little brusquely wrapped the coat around her again. "Don't be a fool!" he said.

"Silly darling!" Louise murmured; impulsively she thrust her hand under his arm. "Oh, Ellery, couldn't we be happy together if only we had a little more money and could give grand parties like Tom and his wife and have a car—"

"And go away on trips whenever we wanted."

"Were you thinking that too?"

"Yes; sometimes I suffer with thinking of it."

"It's rotten to be poor, isn't it?"

"It's sickening!" he exclaimed.

TOM LOWRY had known Ellery Champ all his life. They had been born in the same street; they had gone to school together; neither had gone to college, and they had entered business at about the same age.

Tom, however, had not married until he was thirty-eight, and then, as the expression goes, he had married well. In fact, he had always done well by himself. With no one but himself to support, aggressive, self-confident, he had forged ahead rapidly in business. His income, if not his capital, was almost equal to his wife's. And, of course, he had not married Cora for her money. Once he had honestly believed that he was in love with her. Sometimes he almost wished that she didn't have so much money. Sometimes he almost wished that he could beat recognition into her of his own ability, power, leadership.

He looked into her room, where, before her dressing table, covered with an astonishing assortment of bottles, vials, tubes and jars, Cora was busy rouging her lips while her maid hov-

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With an oath, and so quickly that no one could intercept him, he sprang forward and rocked the gunman with a stiff right uppercut

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

ered anxiously in the background. On a chair drawn close to Cora, on a cushion of lavender silk, lay a drowsy Pekingese.

Tom was dressed to the last complete detail. A single pearl stud glowed in his shirt front. Cora had given him the pearl stud, saying at the time: "This is to remind you, old dear, that one-stud shirts are smart now. Please get rid of those other shirts of yours."

"But they're practically new! What shall I do with them?"

"Give them to the garbage collector, for all I care. Only get rid of them."

Cora used racy language. Racy language was smart too, she said. Some of her remarks, when angry, were strikingly similar to those used by a truck driver, also when angry.

Now, as Tom thrust his head into her room—the room which she so unmistakably emphasized as her own—he said, "You'll never be ready in time, Cora."

"I don't give a damn!" she answered, "Who are these people, anyway?"

"You've met Ellery two or three times. You know he's one of my oldest friends."

"Oh, well, I'll hurry," she said petulantly, and stooped to pat the drowsy Pekingese which at her touch raised his rheumy eyes and indolently waved his feathery tail.

OFTEN Tom Lowry had an impulse, and a very fierce impulse, to kick the Pekingese, that mild, stupid little beast. It seemed to him that Cora lavished affection on the Pekingese as it should be lavished only on a child.

His thoughts led him to say: "Well, those young friends of yours are coming too. You might be ready for them, if not for my friends."

Cora became animated. "They don't mind waiting, the darlings! If they have each other, they ask nothing more. They're like two lovebirds. I adore watching them."

"A fat lot you know about lovebirds!"

She turned to face him. "Look here, Tom! Don't get too damned nasty or I'll develop one of my headaches and refuse to appear at all. Personally I think it's rather decent of me to entertain those friends of yours. Thank Heaven, we're going to the theatre afterward, so that I won't have to listen to their suburban prattle all evening! Who are they, anyway? People of absolutely no importance!"

"Important or not, often I wish I could change places with Ellery," he said bitterly.

"Oh, don't be impossible!" Cora said.

JACK MORTON, who was one of the lovebirds, stopped in a taxicab before the house in which the other love bird, Kitty Nash, shared an apartment with another girl.

Jack pressed the button—a long ring, a short ring, each repeated three times; that was his own special ring that no one, no one in the world but him, could use. Kitty was in the doorway of her apartment waiting for him.

"Darling!"

"Dearest!" It was always like that.

"Oh, Kitty, if we didn't have to go to this party to-night! If we could just be together!"

"If we only could, Jack!"

"Just one more kiss, darling!"

"Jack, we will be late."

In the taxicab, going uptown, they held each other's hands beneath the cover of Jack's coat. After all, it was vulgar to be demonstrative in public even though the public was only a taxi cabby with his back turned.

"Do you think these friends of yours, the Lowrys, are happy, Jack?"

"I don't know. I don't care. We'll be happy."

"Who else is to be there?"

"Some friends of Tom's—the Champs."

"Do you know them?"

"I've met him. He's a sad bird."

"Maybe he's not happy either. Isn't it disgusting? Does it—marriage I mean—does it ever frighten you just a wee bit, Jack? Just the thought of it?"

"No! Never!"

"Let's always keep our love sort of—sort of rare and precious, Jack."

"We will, darling!"

"It won't matter whether we're rich or poor; it won't matter how things change during the years—how I change, how you change—and when you're old and I'm old, dear, I want to be able to look back and say, 'Nothing, nothing ever really did matter except our love, our beautiful and precious love.'"

"Nothing ever will matter except our love, sweetest."

At that, even the little blind god who was industriously winging after this particular taxicab had to turn aside for a moment to hide his slightly malicious grin.

THEY were—at last—all gathered together in the drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tyler Lowry.

They were seated sipping cocktails and nibbling morsels of toast spread with anchovy and grated egg.

Ellery Champ thought, "What a lucky devil Tom is!"

Louise Champ thought, "I don't like that woman. She's hard! But if I only had a dress like that—"

Tom Lowry thought, "She's sweet and soft, that wife of Ellery's. Children haven't spoiled her looks, and Cora says—"

Cora Lowry thought, "I wish this damned party was over!"

Jack Morton thought, "Darling Kitty!"

Kitty Nash didn't think. She sat gazing at Jack in a trance of loving him.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough and after dinner they went to the musical revue that was considered the zippiest of all musical revues that winter.

Unfortunately, one scene in the revue was laid in an Apache den in Paris, and in this scene men choked their women partners, twirled them around their heads and finally threw them violently upon the floor; whereupon the women crept upon the men and stabbed them with bright, shining daggers.

This fantastic and frightening scene concluded the first part of the revue. After the curtain had fallen to much applause, Jack Morton leaned over to say to his host, Tom Lowry, "That last scene reminded me of Tony's."

"What's Tony's?"

"Do you mean you haven't been there, Tom? An old rounder like you. It's a restaurant, or perhaps I should say it's a dive on the lower East Side. Everybody goes. They put on a cabaret that's the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"It's thrilling!" Kitty Nash exclaimed. Kitty naturally would be enthusiastic about anything that Jack praised.

"Well, let's go there afterward," Tom Lowry suggested.

"Oh, I hate those rotten places!" said Cora Lowry.

Louise Champ thought of her children. "I'm afraid we'll have to go home right after the theatre, anyway," she said.

Cora Lowry immediately changed her mind about the rotten place. "My dear, I imagine you get in town so seldom," she said, smiling a supercilious little smile, "that I should think you'd want to make the most of it when you do get in. Slumming is rather fun once in a while. Is it perfectly safe down there, Jack?"

"Oh, of course," said Jack. "Everybody goes."

"Jack's taken me twice," Kitty said proudly.

And Ellery Champ, who all evening long had been rather silent, moodily thinking what a joy it would be if he could entertain like the Lowrys, live like the Lowrys, be as free of monetary worries as the Lowrys, now said, a trifle irritably: Louise, dear, I know you're worrying (*Continued on page 40*)

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Shooting Stars

Wide World

At left: Bennie Friedman of the big head, Michigan's bull's-eye ace

Willie Heston, Mich., typical hero of the smash-and-run era

When it comes to putting wings on football, Dooley and Friedman are great. They have passed their way forward to glory

By GRANTLAND RICE

NOW and then there arise great stars whose prowess on the gridiron makes them symbols of all that is best in the football of their day.

Willie Heston of Michigan, 1901-'04, was such a symbol. He was a symbol of the best in old football before the forward pass came into being. He represented almost the last word in the combined speed, power, weight, strength, and stamina needed to hurl his heavy body up and down a field.

Weighing close to 190 pounds and stockily built, he could run 50 yards faster than Archie Hahn, then national sprint champion. This meant that the Wolverine Flyer could start his 190 pounds at top speed and catapult through any barrier in the way.

Heston was the type old football demanded. In his four years of play he scored no less than 106 touchdowns.

But the new game demands different symbols of football eminence. It is for this reason that the names of Dooley and Friedman are picked: Eddie Dooley of Dartmouth and Benny Friedman of Michigan.

These two, with Oberlander, have demonstrated the possibilities of the forward pass when it is directed by a keen brain and an accurate arm. There have been other great passers, other great directing backs. But these two have been in the public eye, off and on, for some time, and they have also had the help of strong teams and keen coaching to carry out their plans.

They are not the only first-class quarterbacks of the year. One might mention Caulkins of Princeton, Bunnell of Yale, or various stars to be found from the Middle West on to the Pacific Coast. Nevertheless Dooley of Dartmouth and Friedman of Michigan are symbols of the modern attack that in years to come will expand still further in deception and skill.

The Samson Twins

EDDIE DOOLEY is one of the most unusual types in football. Weighing around 200 pounds, short in stature, he possesses tremendous physical strength. He was once offered a good salary to tour the country as a professional strong man, having performed certain incredible feats of sheer strength which even modern Sandows could not accomplish.

With all this he is as light on his feet as a young cat, and he happens to have a quick, keen brain and imagination. The fact that he has written and published a volume of serious verse, all along the imaginative side, is merely another detail which shows what kind of man he is.

Dooley has tremendous strength in his hands and wrists. He can throw a football a long way with deadly accuracy, largely because he has the art and need make no extra effort. It is astonishing to see how far the Dartmouth star can peg the oval with a mere flip of his wrist. In a forward-pass competition he hit spaced targets down the field at 72 and 74 yards, which gives some idea of his range.

Strangely enough, Benny Friedman's first ambition was to be a professional strong man. Friedman, like Dooley, has great strength of hand and wrist. He is taller than Dooley, weighs 170 pounds, and like Dooley he has unusually strong legs.

Friedman is one of the most accurate passers that ever flipped a football to an end or back. He hasn't Dooley's range, but he can throw any distance the Michigan passing game ever demands, and he can throw the ball into a tin bucket.

The Michigan star has a great football head, with more than his share of poise, coolness and judgment. He knows the right play to make and he knows how to make it.

In one big game, when something went wrong with a Michigan pass and the designated receiver was too well covered, Friedman in a half second's flash coolly called out the name of another eligible receiver who had been sent down as a decoy and whipped the ball to this player for a touchdown.

There are not many young quarterbacks who can see a designated play broken up and then suddenly switch to another plan.

Friedman is also a good ball carrier and a fine field-goal kicker, in addition to being a strong defensive star. But the main point about Dooley and Friedman is that they are forward-passing types who, with fast ends and backs to work with, may at any time wreck a first-class team by some lop-sided score.

Neither is a fast, elusive back of the Grange or Mahan order. Their deadliness lies in the overhead game. For example, a passing attack of this order helped Dartmouth to run up 62 points on a strong Cornell team last fall and it helped Michigan pile up 54 points against the Navy. Here was a case of two standard teams being completely demoralized by the passing game raised to a level that was never dreamed of ten years ago.

It so happens that Dooley has a great set of receivers in Lane, McPhail, Black and Fusoni, among others, to work with. And it so happens that Friedman has an Oosterbaan and a Flora to shoot at down the field. An Oosterbaan is a mighty help, a tall, powerful end who can catch a football at full speed as easily as Speaker can pull down a simple fly.

It also happens that in Jess Hawley and Hurry-up Yost, Dooley and Friedman have two coaching directors who bank heavily on the passing game, who believe in it and who have spent much time in working out varied methods that go well with the running game. This is true of Zuppke, Wilce, Warner, Young, Jones, Roper and other coaches, of course, but not all of these have anything like a Dooley or a Friedman, an Oosterbaan or a Lane to work with.

It must be recognized that the forward pass is also a most uncertain weapon at times. There are days when it will score five touchdowns against the reserves, and there are other days when against the same team it will score nothing.

The point is that on certain days when the passing attack is working well it may chase an opponent almost as strong clear off the field and make the difference in scoring strength look far greater than it actually is.

If You're Good at Guessing

IT IS quite conceivable that on certain occasions the Dooley passing game or the Friedman passing game may not work to any great extent. Last year these attacks failed against Ohio State and against Brown. But it is seldom that any team can break up both the passing game and the running game where in addition to a Dooley or a Friedman there is also a strong running thrust to throw into action.

Illinois has a strong combination in Peters and Kassel. Princeton has one in Caulkins and Slagle. Pennsylvania has Murphy, Rogers and others. Ohio State has an exceptional artist in Marek, the powerfully built young back. There are many combinations on hand, but for all that Dooley and Friedman, from past records and from their earlier performances this autumn, still remain the symbols of the new game.

They have the plays, the receivers, the rare passing skill, the cool judgment, the confidence and the imagination needed to round out the complete repertory of an up-to-date offense that on most occasions will be almost impossible to stop.

This does not mean that the team which looks strongest will surely go through the season without defeat. The strain of modern football, with its intricate system and its widespread publicity, is something terrific for a young man of 19 or 20. And a football team gets less than eighty hours of practice in an entire fall season!

There are not many coaches who happen to have a Dooley or a Friedman hanging around the campus—a star who can shoot a football straight to an end or back whirling down the field from 25 to 45 yards away. And there are but few other passers who can plant a football at this range in extended arms with such uncanny accuracy, game after game.

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Will appear in Collier's at the close of the season, chosen by the best-informed sports authority in America

GRANTLAND RICE

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"I don't feel no more like dying than you do," said Doc. "What else you got on that peculiar mind of yours?"

Dr. Lysander

"Live to do your duty,' the hymn book says, and I sure done it"

By WALTER DAVENPORT

THE cool of the Nassauvian evening soothed Doc Lysander; it had been a hard day. He had comforted, if not exactly cured, the sick. He had eased and here and there banished pain. He had distributed among those unable to leave their beds many bottles of his wonder-working medicine—a variable admixture which might to-day be sea grape, sisal juice and whisky and to-morrow a boiling of peppergrass and tea leaves.

The Doc regarded his material remuneration for thus succoring the luckless: Two English shillings, two American dimes, one mess of sea bass, a dignified, albeit somewhat decrepit, coat which once hung from the shoulders of the governor—it would do for Liverpool Minus at funerals and other fête days—two baskets of the produce of the islands: pineapples, limes, coconuts, tamarinds, oranges, sapodillas, bananas, sour sops and avocados; six lumps of coral, charms against the encroachments of the evil one; bunch of dried sea fans, ill-smelling and no longer lovely; a brass compass, which might fetch a dollar on the docks; a straw hat made not so many years before by a hatter who boasted the express permission of His Majesty the King.

"Might be more and it might be less," soliloquized the Doc. "Might be better, and it might be worse. Got no use for them sea fans, and them coral charms are what you might call meaningless, but it don't pay to refuse nothing. Take what they offer or else they don't feel right about it. And if they ain't feeling right in their minds they don't respond to treatment."

The Doc hung up the royal straw hat. Siloam Simpson, his cook, took the fish to the kitchen and salvaged the best of the fruit. The Doc slumped down in his wicker chair, his white luxuriant beard sweeping his chest: still a noble figure despite his sixty years—Michelangelo's Moses, sweat and dust soiled and clad in a hickory shirt, a pair of gray and not so clean flannel trousers belted with a broad sash of red silk, black cotton socks and canvas shoes. Still able, probably, to stun any other white man in the Bahamas with a slam of his raft of a hand, he had a clanging voice which suggested, when provoked, a right busy day in an iron foundry.

From Grant's Town, a figurative jump from Doc Lysander's cottage, came the sound of singing. The Doc took a drink. The twilight was solemn. The Doc was blissful; his soul was at peace. The singing of Grant's Town was just nigger song to white Nassau; to Doc Lysander it was symphony. Sweetly it filled the old boy's large, hairy ears and trickled into his heart. Liverpool Minus, younger but physically as mighty as the Doc, came loping across the parade with news. He was naked from the hips up. In the dying light his black torso glistened and seemed to grow. He had the arms and shoulders which might have carried off the gates of Gaza. Let the Doc chide if he cared, Liverpool Minus would speak.

"At Guv'ment House, doctah boss," said Liverpool, "Mudd, de butlah, tell me they is sending fo' you. Oth' doctahs ask the gov-nuh is he gwine make you leave us. Mudd say gov-nuh 'gree make you go. Oth' doctahs say, boss, you ain't no doctah and ain't got no right make medicine. Gov-nuh say 'tis so and you is got stop."

"I've been waiting for that," said Doc Lysander.

"Is you got go?" demanded Liverpool. "Ain't you a doctah? Us don't trus' no oth' medicine."

"Liverpool," sighed the Doc, "I sorter figured that you were fetching news by the cut of you, but you didn't. A year ago, when Blessing, the young Conch, came back from England with his college diploma and other important papers certifying that he was a doctor of medicine, I seen this here day approaching. Six months ago Applegate, another young Conch, returned to this his native home with some such papers, and he settled down to conquer the bodily ills of these Bahama Islands. That, Liverpool, made four of them—Blessing, Applegate, Dr. Wyethe, who don't believe nothing that's been discovered since 1860, and Dr. Blagnall, who's had rheumatism for twenty years I know of and therefore ain't likely to inspire the suffering ones with confidence.

"So they say I ain't no doctor, hey? They say I gotta quit ministering to the colored folks in this here archipelago, hey? Liverpool Minus, are you listening to old Doc Lysander?"

"Doctah boss, I is listening."

"Well, maybe I'm leaving you and the colored folks of Grant's Town. Maybe I won't be here to succor the needy and drive distress from the

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midst of you after to-morrow night, when Cap'n Greek's boat leaves for Miami. Maybe, I say. Hear me, Liverpool Minus?"

"Yassuh."

"But I don't leave on my feet."

The ebony face of Liverpool Minus shone with hope. He smote his mighty hands together.

"And, Liverpool," cried the Doc, letting his feet fall to the floor and sitting erect.

"Yassuh."

"I don't feel no more like dying than you do. What else you got on that peculiar mind of yours?"

"Easter Wilkins sick ag'in. She gwine die."

"Now, that's news, black boy. Who told you? Ain't she still over on Andros with Kelly?"

"Yawl came in from Andros Island this evening, Doctah boss. Say mebby you cure her if she live."

"Bad as that, hey?" mused Doc Lysander. "When's the yawl going back?"

"When you wants it, boss."

"I'm starting at sunup to-morrow. And, Liverpool—"

"Yassuh?"

"Don't forget that this is to be positively the last mission of mercy and healing that old Doc Lysander is going to be permitted to do to the colored folks in these here Bahama Islands if the purse-proud and haughty men of medicine in Nassau have their way about it."

"Nosuh," whined Liverpool; and he started for Grant's Town to spread the tidings—that the governor of the Bahamas was about to banish the white idol of the Negro population, and that Easter Wilkins, the mightiest of the Holy Jumpers, the black woman who danced the evil one out of Grant's Town and back to Waterloo where he perished in the Lake of Fire, was dying. Two great calamities impended.

THE morning on the shore of Andros Island was brilliant. Doc Lysander, landing by a mighty leap from the yawl, was in matchless form. His years sat lightly upon him. He had rested well. An hour of hard, logical thinking had prefaced eight hours of innocent slumber.

He bulged his great chest. He opened his mouth and sang a line or so of "Sweet Beulah Land" in a giant barytone. He was prepared to snatch Easter Wilkins from the jaws of death, no matter how narrow the aperture.

A pop-eyed black boy, grinning from a sea-grape trellis, directed the Doc and the faithful Liverpool, who carried the medicine bag, to the native shacks. The Doc had arrived in the clearing where the thatched huts stood when Kelly met him.

"Health to you, sir?" cried Doc Lysander. "You look full of it."

"What do you want?" demanded Kelly.

"I come asking nothing. I come with a desire to impart health, that priceless jewel, which, I understand, does not make glad the person of Easter Wilkins, a good and faithful ser—"

"Get to hell off my island. I cure any sick niggers on my island. Sick niggers and dead niggers are my business on my island."

"Error," sighed Doc Lysander, "is one of man's numerous weaknesses. The noble Island of Andros, I thought, was the property of his Majesty, the King of England, Ireland and—"

"You got five full minutes to get off this island, Yankee: you and your nigger."

"Mister," said the Doc in a loud voice which caused a dozen of Kelly's blacks to gather near, "you and me can be of service to one another. Your information regarding my native land is inaccurate. I'm from Oklahoma and not a Yankee. In the meantime a righteous servant yearns for health, and I would restore it to her."

"That," sneered Kelly, setting himself squarely in the Doc's path, "leaves you only three minutes to get off my island. Maybe you and your nigger can make it if you run, and maybe not."

"In that case," lamented Loc Lysander, "it would be better if we two was to hold our peace for three minutes so's we won't be out of breath when it starts."

"When what starts?"

"Whatever it is you're fixing to do," mourned the Doc, "being I ain't aiming to run."

Kelly's black men shuffled closer. Doc Lysander noted, with satisfaction, that they shared none of Kelly's desire to be rid of him. Liverpool Minus took the advantageous position at the rear of the boss of Andros Island. Kelly's right hand went to his hip, but instead of the pistol it closed upon the fingers of Liverpool's hand.

"Liverpool," said Doc Lysander, "it is well to be saved from the hand of all that hate us, which are words from the Bible. Hand me that gun. Mister Kelly, anger is its own reward, and now I shall continue on this my path of duty, ministering to the sickness of she whose dancing chasteneth the devil and makes straight the way of the Lord."

And from Kelly's Negroes came a fervent "Amen."

"Servants," cried the Doc to the black boys, "obey thy master, but be not deceived. While I seek to assuage the sufferings of Easter Wilkins yonder, see that this servant of the Lord is not ruined with a bullet from afar."

The Negroes scattered. Kelly looked, cursed and abandoned the fight. . . .

Doc Lysander was partaking of Nassau's kicking morning air on the following day, when the ornamental person of the commandant of police called.

"You will present yourself at Government House this evening," said the commandant, "at half past seven precisely—ah—Lysander."

"Precisely, ah—Bannis," replied the Doc.

"It is Major Bannis," the commandant reminded him.

"I err," mourned the Doc. "There are times when that which I indulgently call my good nature is nothing but plumb dumbness. I figured we was dropping formalities and getting friendly."

"You will present yourself at the door of the side to his Excellency, Mr. Lysander."

"And knock thereon. Is that right, Corporal Bannis?"

"Liverpool," droned Doc Lysander, when the elegant major had vanished down Bay Street, "pride is a mocker, and the commandant of police is raging, but the unfortunate who is deceived thereby is not Doc Lysander. As I remember the words of Siloam Simpson, upon our return in the night from the Island of Andros, there is a right smart lot of healing to be done.

"Let's see, Liverpool. There's Celia Wilifred's back to be relieved of the misery, Gospel Willie's digestive appliances require attention, Trypena Smith's joints swell without regard, the teeth of the Reverend Scattergood ache him sorely and the devils possess the head of Lebanon Lucy. Pack the grip, Liverpool. A goodly supply of Chief Two Beaver's priceless restorer to be given free gratis to the suffering lowly."

"Doctah boss," said Liverpool Minus, "we is all out of resto'in' medicine."

"The lack of all good things is the joy of the evil one, Liverpool. I'll mingle a batch before we start out on this my last day with you colored children of Grant's Town."

And presently, in the pinkness of the Nassauvian morning, the Doc climbed the hill to Grant's Town, singing freely and terribly:

Oh, Beulah Land, Sweet Beulah Land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
And look away acrost the sea
Where mansions is prepared for me—

LATE in the afternoon Doc Lysander mounted the wooden steps of Gethsemane Baptist Church. Gone was his great uplifting humor; a world of sorrow bowed him. Gone too was every bottle of Chief Two Beaver's priceless restorer. The Doc had made his rounds. Liverpool Minus, having been assigned by his master to a bit of confidential work an hour before, reported.

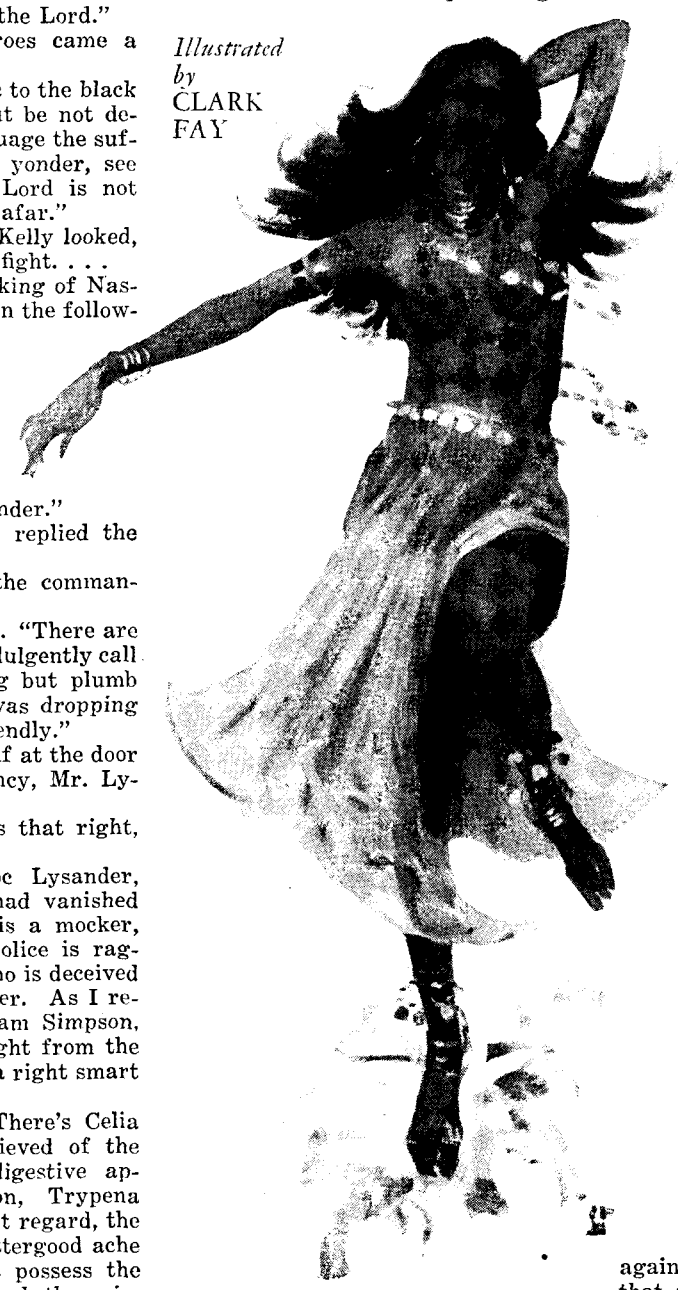
"Yassuh, boss," said he, "they won't be no delay. Nobody know nothin' 'cept you, boss, and me and Siloam Simpson."

"The hand of the Lord will appear to his children in the person of one of his servants. Is that right? The foes of the simple people are ignorant. Is that correct?"

"Boss," repeated Liverpool, "nobody know nothin' but you an' me and Siloam Simpson."

The Doc drew himself up to his great height. He turned his face toward the descending sun. In the road, at a respectful distance, had gathered half of Grant's Town. There, against the doors of Gethsemane Church, the Doc stood with his arms outstretched, his expression one of vast sadness. The straw hat of royal endorsement was gone. His hair—a heavy, strong mane of white and black—lifted gently in the first movements of the evening breeze. He was resignation, sacrifice and pity.

Illustrated by CLARK FAY



Easter Wilkins, yesterday dying, to-night dancing as no Holy Jumper had danced before

For a moment he held the pose, and then the tension broke. It was too much for Grant's Town. From the rear of the crowd, now huddled in common woe and slow resentment, came a contralto wailing, frightened, plaintive but richly tuneful:

When th' trumpet of th' Lawd shell soun'
An' time shell be no mo'
An' th' mo'nin' break eternal
bright an' fair—

Gradually the singing grew. The chorus came great and round. Grant's Town was singing: "When th' Roll Is Called up Yondah."

"Children of the Lord, draw up nigh," cried Doc Lysander. "Bristol Ash, you who I've ministered to in your ailing hours, and Elijah Warner, whose limbs no longer defy you with the misery, usher the flock clost to the steps of the tabernacle that I may say unto my friends a farewell."

It was concert night on the parade. The garrison band was blaring "God Save the King." Doc Lysander paused to let the tune roll up the hill thinly. Grant's Town met it with growls. Better a dirge. A funeral hymn. "God Save the King!" Ah-h-h-h!

"CHILDREN of the Lord, this servant is leaving you to-morrow. There will be a weeping and a gnashing of teeth, especially of them teeth I have cured of aching. But there will be no sorrow in white Nassua among the high and mighty of the earth, including the Conches. No, there will be feasting and great rejoicing because Doc Lysander will be no longer in your midst.

"I got to go. No use crying. The governor says that I'm no good. He says that I'm a bad medicine man; that I do evil unto you. He says that the doctors in the high society of Nassau aim to do all the curing and succoring here and I got to go.

"And, children, be good and don't get well too fast because, as your gov'nor says, these men of science take time and do things their own way and don't care for crying and weeping or parades at funerals or anything like that. They are four and Doc Lysander is one and one cannot stand against four, and God bless you, my children.

"At half past seven this evening I go to Gov'ment House for judgment. At that hour, children, I appear before the gate of the guv'nor to be told that I may stay in your midst no longer. I go with heaviness in my heart for you. My work here is not done, but I must go. At half past seven, with the moon making bright the top of Mount Fitzwilliam against the sky I shall hear the words that send me into exile. Farewell, my children."

The Doc stepped down. His head erect and his long arms swinging, he stalked off toward Nassau with Liverpool Minus marching at his heels. His audience didn't move until he had disappeared down the hill.

Grant's Town had eaten its supper of fish and (*Continued on page 34*)

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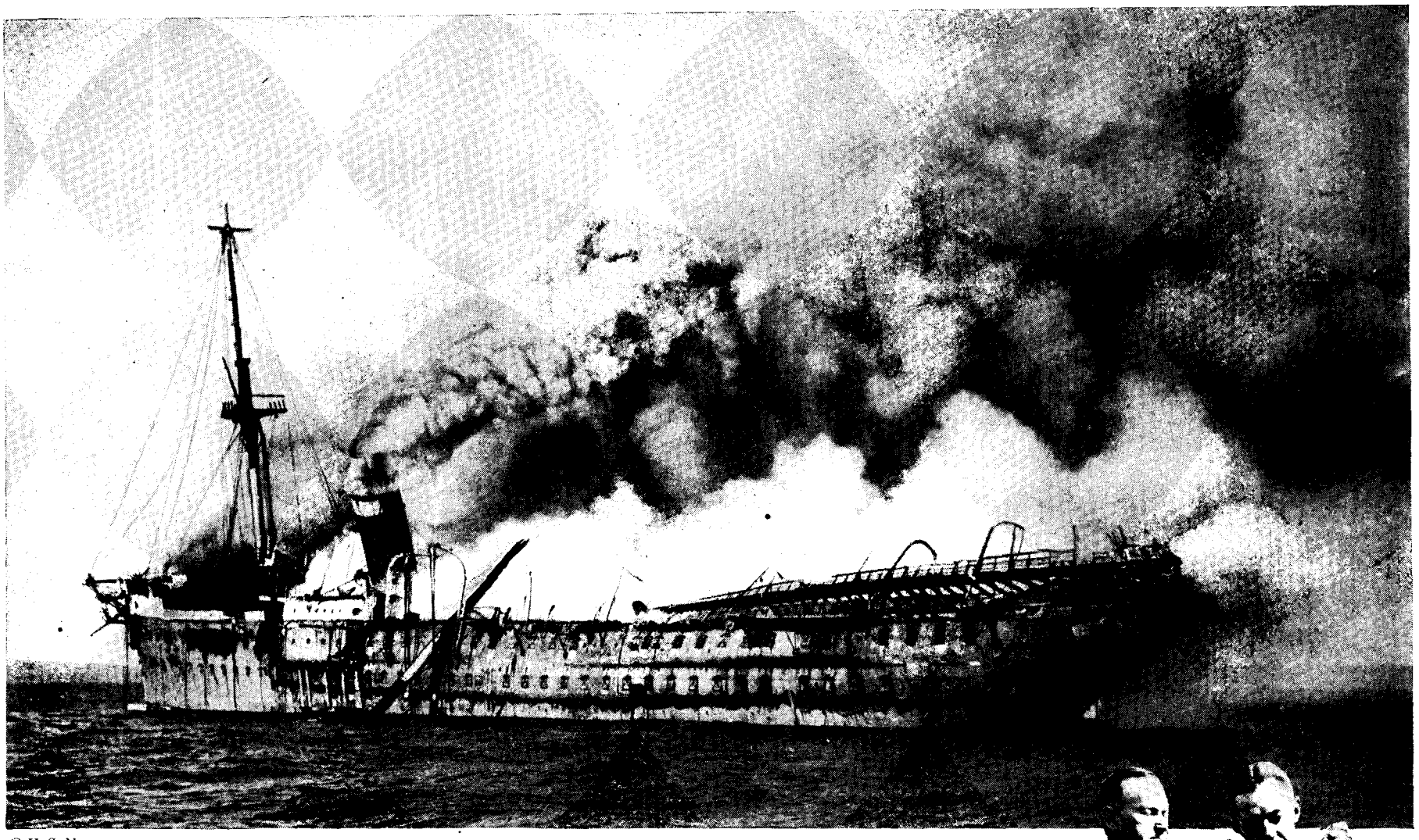

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Through typical daredevil heroism everyone still alive was rescued from the sinking Vinh-Long

"Stand by to Ram!"

U. S. Navy General Order No. 123

"The Navy Department takes pleasure in announcing the award of a Medal of Honor to Lieutenant Commander W. A. Edwards, U. S. Navy, for heroism in rescuing 482 men, women and children from the French military transport Vinh-Long, destroyed by fire in the Sea of Marmora, Turkey, on December 16, 1922."

Flames swept the great ship, laden with explosives—and human beings. Dangerous work, the rescue. This is the story—told for the first time—of how it was made by heroes of our own navy

By FITZHUGH GREEN

FOR reasons best known to itself the French Government suppressed the true story of the Vinh-Long's calamity. Lately we have been given to understand that "now it can be told."

It is well worth telling. The feat of rescuing a whole shipload of humanity with a frail and tiny torpedo-boat destroyer was an extraordinary one, and the method of rescue was, so far as can be learned, unique in the annals of the sea. Moreover, courage and audacity of the first order were required to carry it out. Surely American boldness at its best is a thrilling thing to see.

The first streaks of dawn on that December morning revealed two vessels in the Sea of Marmora on parallel courses headed for Constantinople. One was the big French transport Vinh-Long, loaded with troops and their families. The other was the little American destroyer Bainbridge. Three miles of black choppy seas separated the pair.

One of the Vinh-Long's French quartermasters came off his mid watch at 4 A. M. Before turning in he lit a cigarette. From his hammock a few moments later he tossed the smoking butt, he *thought*, to the steel deck beneath him. Instead he tossed it in a spit-kid containing rubbish. How Death must have grinned!

Presently a flicker of flame lighted the small compartment. Men snored on. The flame rose. A puff of breeze carried it toward the bulkhead, where a leaking gasoline drum stood.

Like a Volcanic Eruption

ABRUPTLY a second flame flared up: the gasoline. A man aroused and shouted the alarm. But before the jangling firebells could start there came an explosion that shocked all hands and the passengers wide-awake. A tank of hydrogen, meant for a French army dirigible, had gone off right above the burning gasoline.

Terrible fear seized the hearts of those aboard the transport. She carried a cargo of ammunition. Fire could mean only one thing: complete destruction of the ship and of 500 helpless human beings in her. Nothing short of a miracle could save them.

Commander Edwards tells it:

"My officer of the watch had in the meantime sighted a vessel to starboard. While he strove to make her out in the dim early morning light he suddenly saw a flash of fire near her stern. Sensibly he put his helm hard over and sent word to me. This was simple routine of the sea. There was no indication that my big crisis was getting close.

"I was sleeping in the emergency cabin opening on the bridge. Glancing out, I saw I had time to throw an old uniform over my pajamas before we came within hail.

"'Away Fire and Rescue Party,' I told the watch officer. He stepped to the general alarm. Gongs echoed between our decks. Our boatswain's mate took up the word. As we swung to for me to hail the Frenchmen, I saw my men lined up ready to man our small dories with pumps, axes, pulmotors and other rescue apparatus.

"'Very smart outfit,' I thought. 'Now we'll see what we can do with it.' It never occurred to me that when the end came my boats would scarcely count.

"I jammed my megaphone to my lips and let go with a good loud yell:

"'Ship ahoy! Can we be of assistance?'

"I saw the French captain at the end of his bridge ready to answer me. Smoke billowed out of his after hatch. Hose played on the flames. Orders were being shouted. A confused mass of sailors and soldiers, women and children, were visible roaming anxiously about the decks. Boats were being got ready for lowering.

"He raised his megaphone. I strained my ears. But his words never came.

"His ship answered for him. Out of her waist rose (*Continued on page 49*)

President Coolidge invests Lieutenant Commander Edwards with the Medal of Honor

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Illustrated by BRUCE STEVENSON

Sammy heard the youth's laugh. "Who cares for that piece of tripe?"

Fit for a King

The world is full of Sam Pinders and it's their spirit that makes it a good place to live in

A Short Short Story by

EDITH BARNARD DELANO

HE LOOKED like the sort of little man who might sell shoe laces on the corner or weigh out your sugar, except that his extreme and painstaking neatness and the stoop of his shoulders otherwise placed him: unmistakably he was one of the thousands who work in offices, who even open the doors of offices in the morning and are the last to leave at night and hurry ferryward to neat little homes in Jersey or its equivalent. He wore starched collars and a derby hat; about the time the gray in his sandy hair began to show he had fallen into the way of walking on his tiptoes and of looking at people with an air of birdlike alertness. His small body went about its daily work steadily, apparently with eager willingness. He smiled at the joking of the younger men in the office, was courteous to the typists, never complained if he was called upon to do anyone else's work as well as his own nor let his disappointment show when someone younger than himself was promoted over him. He was just old Sam Pinder, unimportant as a snail.

Only in minor things had this day been different from all the others. The train had been late, to be sure, and Mr. Watkins had got to the office before him and frowned as Sam tiptoed across the floor to the coat closet.

"Why don't you have that damned squeak taken out of your shoes?" he snarled.

Mr. Pinder said nothing: Watkins had the hiring and firing of the office force.

The morning had worn itself half away when young Tabor came in; he was always late, but the son of the head of the firm had privileges. He stopped at the desk of one of the typists, a pretty girl with a sleek boyish bob, and said something to her. She laughed and nodded, and young Tabor went on.

"Gosh," said a stout young woman near Mr. Pinder, "ain't he a lobster! He makes me sick."

A frowzy girl took a vanity box from a drawer and whitened her nose. "Nothing worth that much money could make me sick," said she.

Mr. Pinder worked on. At twelve o'clock the staccato of typewriters changed to a sound more like that made by some strange jazz instrument without the syncopation as feet grated across the floor; in a few minutes the room was empty save for himself, but Sam worked on. Mr. Watkins had a theory that all of the force should not be away at one time, so Sam did not go to lunch until the others returned at one. In the doorway downstairs he bumped into the stalwart form of the senior partner. "I beg pardon," he said, and then added, "Oh! Good morning, Mr. Tabor. Or good afternoon, I should say. It's a fine day, sir. A very fine day."

"Ungh," said the big man, and signaled a taxi.

ABOUT four in the afternoon Mr. Watkins laid a paper on Sam's desk. "Get out this invoice to-night," he said. "I got to leave early."

He made out the invoice; he had to crowd his own work to do it, and it was half past five when he finished, and the big room was still. He thought it was empty until young Tabor came in, and he wondered why Tabor should be there at that hour until, glancing across the room, he saw the pretty girl with sleek hair lingering near the doorway.

"Oh, don't!" he heard the girl say. "Not here! He'll see!"

He heard the youth's laugh. "That piece of tripe? Who cares for him?"

It was late when he turned into the side street; Lizzie was on the porch waiting for him. She was rocking slowly, her massive bulk protruding over the edges of the chair, and fanning herself; she weighed more than twice as much as Sam and was head and shoulders taller. She beamed at him, and he went jauntily up the steps and kissed her.

"Now, Sammy, you're late again," said she.

"Business, business, my dear," he said, rubbing his hands together. "Business before pleasure, you know!"

"They couldn't get on without you," said Mrs. Pinder.

He took the rocking-chair opposite hers, laughed a little. "Oh, I wouldn't say that. . . . I had to help Watkins with an invoice to-day, though."

"They always do have to turn to you."

"Well, I'm there for that purpose, my dear; there for that purpose. It's always a pleasure to help out a younger man. That's what I always say—always a pleasure."

"What else happened?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh, just the usual round. Er—I did happen to run into Mr. Tabor, senior, at lunch time."

"You *did*—?"

"Oh, it was nothing, nothing, I assure you. All in the day's work. I said, 'It's a fine day, Mr. Tabor, a very fine day.' That was all, really."

"Think of you talking with him!" said Lizzie. "There's nothing you can't do, Sam."

"You exaggerate, my dear. But there's one thing. I'm slightly worried, ever so slightly worried about—er—the young Mr. Tabor."

"What's he been up to?"

"Oh, it's not that she isn't a nice enough girl. Not at all. Quite the contrary. But a young man in his position—er—you understand."

"T-t-t-!" Lizzie clucked. "Why don't you speak to him, Sam?"

"I confess I have thought of that. But—well, I don't know, I don't know."

"Now, Sam, there's nothing you don't know!"

He got up and kissed her again. "There's one thing I'm sure I don't know, my dear! What have we got for dinner?"

"Oh! Dear me, yes! It's all ready. And it's good, too, a surprise!"

HE RUBBED his hands together and licked his lips playfully. "I betcher it's good if you had anything to do with it! I know that much," he affirmed.

"That's just what I told the man. 'It's all in the cooking,' I said. 'There's nothing any better than tripe, if it's handled right.'"

She moved ponderously into the house, but Mr. Pinder stood still for a moment, a fleeting change of expression crossing his face. "Tripe . . ." he repeated, and rubbed a hand across his cheek.

Mrs. Pinder talked on while she set the things on the table; presently he found himself cutting a crisp brown morsel, tasting it. "M-m-m-m," he mumbled, wagging his head.

Lizzie beamed at him. "Now didn't I tell the truth?" she asked him.

"It's fit for a king," said he.

"Yes, it is. It's good enough for anybody. It's better than beefsteak, when you once get the taste of it. Why, I'd rather have it than—well, even than lobster, any day!"

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A Finer Chassis and a Body of Steel

as Rigid as a Steel Building

THE NEW ESSEX COACH

$695

f. o. b. Detroit
plus war excise tax

Admiration everywhere is heard for the New Essex "6" Coach. Its lustrous beauty and rigid steel body are in themselves worthy the greatest praise. But a ride is a revelation. No light car can approach it. It gives a feeling like riding in a limited train. No car regardless of cost is easier riding.

However beautiful a car may be, however attractive its color and trimming, such details in themselves do not constitute the most important quality. It is the Essex chassis that gives it greatest superiority. Its motor, built under exclusive patents, delivers the smooth, powerful and reliable performance for which the Super-Six is so famous. Every mechanical detail is the development and perfection of more than three years and the production of more than 900,000 cars built on the Super-Six principle.

Essex is economical in fuel and oil. It gives enduring and brilliant service. Easily made adjustments take care of wear. Provision is made for keeping the motor oil clean and cool, and for gasoline straining, etc.

Rumbles and rattles are absent. The chassis is well proportioned in every detail to assure long, hard and constantly satisfactory service. You can drive at top speed for hours. Essex will not shimmy—It is safe always. Its motor will stand up under hard usage. Such qualities are not expected in cars of its price. Six cylinders, even those that do not have the Super-Six advantage, cost more.

Standard Equipment Includes: **Combination Stop and Tail Light, Automatic Windshield Cleaner, Transmission Lock (built-in), Rear View Mirror, Radiator Shutters, Moto-Meter.**

"A 30 MINUTE RIDE WILL WIN YOU"

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He couldn't simply stand there holding her in his arms, but he shrank from laying her on the brick kang

The Godown Clerk

Anabel's husband-hunting is disturbed by a teapot revolution in China

By SAMUEL MERWIN

THE spring of the Oriental lock extended across the full inner surface of the door, not unlike a medieval crossbow hung up there. With the girl in his arms he found some difficulty in snapping it, but finally contrived to do so. He couldn't simply stand there, holding her; but on the other hand, for myriad reasons familiar to all who have frequented Chinese inns, he shrank from laying her on the brick kang. The chair of bent wood, though shaky about the legs, looked cleaner; so he seated himself in it, arranging the limp body as best he could across his knees.

There were no wounds about the head, and the scanty flapper costume was not disarranged. There was some dirt, naturally, where she had lain in the road. He brushed this off with his free hand, observing as he did so that she was prettily dressed.

His own pulse was slackening now, and his breath came more easily. He considered the face. It was deathly white, almost a blue white: a roundish face, the nose straight, the mouth delicately chiseled, the little chin attractively firm.

The bobbed hair was a warm chestnut brown, and it curved forward to a provocative point in front of each hidden ear.

The eyes should be brown, or perhaps hazel. The lashes lay in a dark fringe upon the cheeks. He found his pulse quickening again.

Out in the street the shooting was still going on, in a spattering fashion; and nearer at hand, in the courtyard, sounded a clamor of chattering voices. Some of the blue-clad rabble might have succeeded in entering before that frightened innkeeper could close the outer gates.

The air was heavy with an odor like coal gas. Looking about, he saw a charcoal fire glowing in the ovenlike stove in the front of the kang. The fumes, of course, were escaping into the room. The walls, of sun-dried brick, had a crumbly appearance. Tattered banners hung here and there, the usual ideographs suggesting longevity and happiness. The floor tiling was broken and incrusted with dirt.

HE'D have to do something. He remembered snatching her vanity case from the quarreling street urchins. Of course, there it was, the strap caught about his left wrist. Perhaps she had a flask in it. He was inclined to feel bitter over the free ways of these flappers from home, but a little whisky would come in handy right now. After a moment of hesitating, he opened the case and discovered an odd assortment of small articles: a flat gold box for her powder puff, a lipstick and an eyebrow pencil, a porcelain box of rouge, a purse, a wadded-up handkerchief, some letters and calling cards, a fountain pen with what appeared to be toothmarks on the top, a brass Buddha of no value, a glass imitation of a number one topside mandarin's ruby button set in brass, but no flask. He looked at one of the cards:

MISS ANABEL CAYNE
Number Seventy Elm Street

From somewhere down by the Bund, very faint, came the deep-toned whistle of a river steamer. He thought of slapping her, but hesitated. She was such a dainty little thing. "Number Seventy Elm Street." He hadn't seen an elm in ten years. An old nostalgia stirred poignantly among his beaten-down thoughts. How he'd love to glimpse, even for a moment, a certain quiet street lined with stately elms and green lawns and fine old white houses that nestled among lilac bushes! He drew in his breath sharply; then bent his head and, with the sensation of one who desperately, brokenly, breaks all bounds, kissed the passive lips.

Still she didn't move. He shifted

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his position, moving the lovely, inert body a little.

The eyes slowly opened. They were hazel.

"I'm afraid . . . I'm . . . troubling you." It was a weak whisper. How small she was!

"Oh, no"—he spoke with strained politeness; he must get hold of himself—"no, not at all. My foot was asleep."

"I can't seem to remember just what . . ." He felt her shiver. The fringed eyes widened in horror. "They were—cutting his—head off!" The eyes closed, and that bluish tinge reappeared about the mouth.

HIS head bent again to hers, but with a convulsive breath he caught himself, and instead of kissing her slapped her cheek.

Slowly the eyes reopened. "You weren't there," she murmured. Puzzled now, she scrutinized his face. "I don't remember seeing you. I don't think I've ever seen you before."

"I happened along."

"But where . . . what? . . ."

"You fainted. I carried you in here."

"But where's here?"

"It's a tavern. The whole thing hasn't been ten minutes."

She covered her face. "Oh, it was terrible!"

"Well, it's China. Oh, they're supposed to have dropped their ancient quaint customs since the republic. But things don't change so fast out here."

She lay still. She wouldn't faint again. At least she appeared to find no difficulty in holding her hands over her face. His left arm was going to sleep now. She shivered again.

But immediately afterward he glimpsed part of an eye peeping up at him between two small fingers.

"Damn women, anyway!" he thought.

"You kissed me," she said.

"I didn't think you knew."

"Was it fair?"

"No. But, my God . . ." He didn't finish; moved a little instead.

"I'm afraid I'm heavy."

"No, you're not heavy. But perhaps if you feel up to— I don't seem to be quite accountable for . . ." He got her to her feet and then into the chair.

"It was silly," she said. "I'm likely to faint at the sight of blood. Even a cut finger. And that—"

"It's no good dwelling on it." He stood with feet apart, filling his pipe, a big, gaunt man, perhaps thirty, with restless, unhappy eyes and patient lines about the mouth—lines of a depth surprising in so young a man.

"I suppose not," said she, limp in the chair.

"The man was a robber or a rebel. So off goes his head." Grimly. "It's China. You can take it or leave it."

Demurely she looked into the vanity case, fingering her purse, then glanced at the watch on her wrist. And, after a moment: "My watch isn't running. I wore it into the bathtub at Shanghai, and there wasn't time to have it fixed before the steamer left. What's all that noise?"

"Chinese crowds are always excitable."

"Is there danger?"

"Why, I don't know. Something's up."

The noise in the courtyard increased. Men were running about. Somebody mounted the two stone steps just outside and pounded on the door. The girl gripped the bent arms of the chair. The man punched his fist through one of the paper squares and looked out. The chattering became a din. An old woman was wailing. The man was speaking vigorously in Chinese. His voice was rich and firm. Remotely the strange language suggested French.

Presently he turned back into the room. "It appears that they're threatening to storm the inn if our host doesn't deliver us up."

"Who are?"

"The soldiers. Brigands. Whatever they are. I'm not sure you'd understand."

"I'm capable of understanding a little," said she rather shortly. "I got through Wellesley."

"You did? Hmm! I didn't suppose you were twenty. Well, it's been quiet here in Kiukiang ever since the revolution. Our tuchun is a strong man. But there are always brigands around, of course. Some of them pay regular squeeze to the tuchun. That's Chinese too. And then the soldiers have a way of going on the loose. You see, they never get all their pay. I can't make out just what this is, with all of 'em talking at once. If they know themselves! That execution appears to have started something."

"But why should they want us?"

He pulled on his pipe. "Hold us for ransom, I suppose." A bitter chuckle. "A lot they'd get for me! But you're a pretty prospect."

"I wish they'd stop that yelling and hammering." She covered her ears.

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL

Anabel's knees were sagging but she helped him to a chair and wiped the blood off with her handkerchief

"The steamer whistled. They'll hold her till you're found, of course. They'll have to."

Her eyes widened. "Oh . . . !"

"What?"

"I just thought. Nobody knows I left the steamer."

"They don't?"

"No. The place looked so dirty, I said I wouldn't join the shore party. Told Mrs. Bransfield I was going to take a nap. Then I heard the Scotch engineer talking about fascinating boxes they make out here of coin silver."

"Oh yes, Kiukiang's famous for its silver workers. But—"

"So I came ashore and walked up this way from the Bund. I thought it would be"—faltering—"easy to find the others. Such a crowd of them."

"Easy? In a Chinese city? Good God! Where were your folks?"

"I haven't any. I'm—traveling alone." Disliking the way he looked at her over his pipe and the way he murmured, "Oh, indeed," she added hastily: "I'm on a world cruise. The Sargasso. She's lying at Shanghai."

"World cruise, eh? That must be pretty wonderful. But wait a minute! Somebody must have seen you leave the steamer. Wasn't there a quartermaster at the gangway?"

She shook her head. "There wasn't anybody. They seemed to be having trouble with some Chinese there on the lower deck."

"H'M!" He was knitting his brows over her. Then again he muttered, "Good God!" and took to walking the floor. "Now, look here, they've rushed that shore party back, of course. And if your friends keep out of your cabin, thinking you're asleep—"

"That's just what—"

"They'll be miles up the river before anybody. What boat is it?"

"I don't know. A funny Chinese name."

"What line? There's half a dozen on the river run."

"I haven't any idea."

"May I ask"—he pulled on his pipe, then held it up for emphasis—"if you know where you were going?"

The fringed lids drooped downward. She didn't reply.

"I'm sorry. Really. Were you bound up the river or down?"

"From Shanghai to Hankow," said she, in a low voice. "Then by train to Peking."

"H'mp!" He smoked.

"Well"—she lifted her eyes—"well [tremulously], here we are!" Then, with a start, "What's that?"

"Shooting. Out in the street. It isn't so promising, but—" He looked out through the broken paper square. The brick wall of the room, on the side toward the courtyard, was less than three feet high. All above there was nothing but an oily paper glued to a light framework of wood.

She took this in now, and shivered. "They could get in here easily enough," she breathed.

"Of course. We've no time to lose. Do you feel able to come over here?"

"Oh, yes." She rose, steadying herself against the chair.

"I'm going out there for a look-see." He unlocked the door.

"Oh, you mustn't do that!"

"We won't argue. I want to see if you can spring this lock. You'll have to use some strength."

"But—"

"Try it!"

She obeyed. The long bow of steel clicked into place.

"Now listen! The minute I'm out the door, lock it. As quickly as you can. Then watch for me, and when I come back open it."

"But you can't leave me here . . . suppose you don't come back?"

"I'll come." He was slipping the bow from its socket.

She caught his arm. "Not now, anyway! Wait until they—"

"Can't you understand that we haven't a spare minute? First I've got to see if there's a chance to slip you through the street somehow. If there isn't, I may be able to send a chit to the consulate."

But she was clinging to him. "I don't want to be a coward, but if anything happens to you—"

He turned and, leaning back against the door, took (*Continued on page 37*)

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How we built our business on *double* confidence

And how national advertising helped us to do it

By Robert K. Levy

Manager, The Union Company, Columbus, Ohio

GRANTING there's no blanket recipe for success, here's a pretty good guide for any retailer to follow:

Establish confidence in your own name plus *confidence in the names of the products you sell.*

That's a rule from the experience of the Union Company.

We started out 32 years ago with the idea of satisfying our customers with quality merchandise—making people believe in *us*.

We succeeded in doing that, but we realized that we were not yet making the most of our opportunity for growth. So we concentrated on making people believe in the men *who made* our merchandise.

That, of course, meant featuring nationally advertised goods—products that people know about and have confidence in.

Double confidence—that's what we built! Confidence in our own name—confidence in the trade-marked names on our merchandise.

One of the best proofs we have of the value of nationally advertised goods to us is the outstanding success of our men's clothing department, the largest in Central Ohio. At present we carry three nationally advertised lines, and the entire volume of sales of these three lines combined constitutes *85 per cent of our total men's clothing business.*

It is also interesting to note the favorable reaction which attended a recent change in the merchandising policy of our toilet goods department. By concentrating on tie-ups with manufacturers' national advertising by means of newspaper advertising, direct mail, and window and store displays we have not only increased our sales 20 per cent in three weeks time, but have brought to the Union many new faces of the most desirable patronage.

We believe so strongly in the local value of national advertising to retail merchants that, through our service department, we handle all inquiries from keyed national advertising which manufacturers send us.

Realizing that approximately 83 per cent of all clothing sales are influenced by women, we thoroughly believe in the wisdom of manufacturers appealing to these buyers through national publications like the Woman's Home Companion.

We are convinced that their advertising in the Woman's Home Companion is of direct and very extensive value to us and all other retail merchants who handle and feature nationally advertised products. In fact we feel that this has been one of the important factors in establishing the Union as one of the leaders in this state.

The Union Company is the largest shop in Ohio selling men's, women's and children's ready-to-wear apparel exclusively. For more than three decades it has been known to the people of Columbus, Ohio, for its firm policy of satisfying customers with quality merchandise

TO RETAIL MERCHANTS

No matter where you do business, your neighborhood is thickly spotted with many of the 1,900,000 homes in which the Woman's Home Companion is read.

These homes, you will find, are of the better type. In them live the families whose business is most valuable to you.

Right now the women in these homes are reading manufacturers' advertisements in the Woman's Home Companion—advertisements of products *you* carry.

You can capitalize on this advertising, you can get the valuable trade of Woman's Home Companion readers. Thousands of successful merchants are doing it in this easy, simple way:

First: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

Second: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.

Why not start now to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought? Begin now to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

In the list of Companion-advertised products below, check those in your line and start featuring them now. Also ask salesmen and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

(***Advertisers of products listed below regularly use quarter pages and over.***)

AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

Buick Motor Cars
Dodge Automobile
Ford Automobile
Franklin Automobile

BUILDING MATERIALS

American Face Brick
American Radiators
American Walnut
Church Sani-White Toilet Seat
Crane Plumbing Fixtures
Gyp-Lap
Oriental Stucco
Richardson Heating and Cooking Apparatus
Sheetrock
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Textone
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers Association

CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS

Carter's Knit Underwear
Denton's Soft Knit Sleeping Garments
Durham Hosiery Mills, Inc.
Esmond Blankets
Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
H. & W. Co. Sta-Down Brassieres
Holeproof Hosiery
Indian Head Clothes for Children
Kaynee Suits for Boys
Kotex
Nashua Blankets
Onyx Hosiery
Pepperell Sheets, Sheeting, Pillow Cases and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Spencer Corsets
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases

CONFECTIONARY

Oh Henry! Candy Bars

DRUGS AND TOILET GOODS

Absorbine, Jr.
Ajax Combs
Allen's Foot-Ease
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
Blue-jay Corn Plaster
Brownatone
Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Creme Elcaya
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Dei-A-Tone
Dei-A-Tone Cream
Deodo
Dorothy Gray Toilet Articles
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Dr. West's Tooth Brush
Eno—The World Famed Effervescent Salt
Fairy Soap
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glazo Nail Polish
Glostora
Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine
Golden Glint Shampoo
Goldman's, Mary T., Hair Color Restorer
Helena Rubinstein's Valaze Preparations
Hennafoam Shampoo
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergen's Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lifebuoy Health Soap
Liquid Arvon
Listerine
Luden's Menthol Cough Drops
Lysol Disinfectant
May-Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mentholatum
Mum Preparations
Neet
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Osborn Blue Handle Brushes
Packer's Liquid Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Phillips Milk of Magnesia
Pompeian Creams
Pond's Creams
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Pyrex Nursing Bottle
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Sal Hepatica
Squibb's Products
Unguentine
Vantine's Temple Incense
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
West Electric Hair Curlers
Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Hair Tonic
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES

Armour's Star Products
Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour
Beech-Nut Products
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Brer Rabbit Molasses
Burpee's Seeds
California Canned Asparagus
California Ripe Olives
California Walnut Growers
Campbell's Soups
Canned Hawaiian Pineapple
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Davis Baking Powder
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Eatmor Cranberries
Edgemont Crackers
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
Formosa Oolong Tea
Foulds' Macaroni Products
French's Cream Salad Mustard
French's D. S. F. Mustard
Fruit Dispatch Co. Bananas
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise
Jell-O
Kellogg's Pep
Kitchen Bouquet
Klim
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Lemco
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
National Biscuit Company (Uneeda Bakers)
None Such Mince Meat
Ovaltine
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Ralston—The Whole Wheat Cereal
Royal Baking Powder
Royal Fruit Gelatin
Seald-Sweet Florida Oranges and Grapefruit
Shredded Wheat
Snowdrift
Steero Bouillon Cubes
Sun Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swans Down Cake Flour
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
Wesson Oil
Wheatena—The Whole Wheat Cereal

FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS

Armstrong's Linoleum
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Blabon Linoleum
Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs
Du Pont Washable Tontine
Fireside Industries, Inc.
Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases
Imperial Tables
Karpen Furniture
Kiddie Koop
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriages and Furniture
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Mohawk Rugs
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Napanee Dutch Kitchenet
Noelting Faultless Casters
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Puritan Cretonnes
Silver's La-La-By Products
Simmons Beds and Bedroom Furniture
Stevens Bed Spreads
Whittall Rugs

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

Aluminum Wares Association
Alaska Freezer
Automatic Double Duty Refrigerator
Ball Fruit Jars
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Everhot Electric Cooker
Fostoria Glassware
Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper
Hotpoint Electric Devices
Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher
Libbey Safedge Glassware
Lorain Ovenheat Regulator
O-Cedar Mop
One Minute Washer
Osborn Blue Handle Brushes
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Pyrex Oven Ware
Red Star Oil Stove
Singer Sewing Machines
Stanley Super Vac
Universal Household Appliances
White Mountain Freezer
White Mountain Refrigerators

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Community Plate
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Seth Thomas Clocks
Tudor Plate
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Gulbransen—The Registering Piano

PAINTS AND HARDWARE

Alabastine
Detroit White Lead Works
Rogers Brushing Lacquer
Glidden Paints and Varnishes
"Lacq"
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish and Enamel

SHOES AND SHOE FURNISHINGS

Arch Preserver Shoe
Cantilever Shoe
Endicott-Johnson Shoes
Firestone-Apsley Rubber Co. Rubber and Canvas Footwear
Julian & Kokenge Foot-Savers
Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS AND HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES

A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bab-O
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Fly-Tox Insecticide
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
LaFrance For Washing
Liquid Veneer
Lux
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P. & G. The White Naphtha Soap
Sani-Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY AND BOOKS

Book of Knowledge
Dennison Paper Novelties
Doubleday, Page & Co.
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Encyclopaedia Britannica
Greeting Cards Assn.
LePage's Glue
Standard Diaries
Ward's A-Line-A-Day Book
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

TOYS AND GAMES

Parker Games

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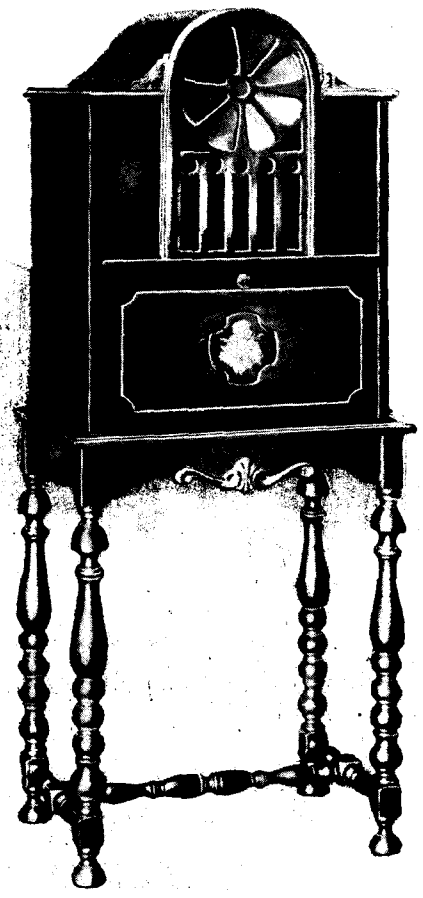
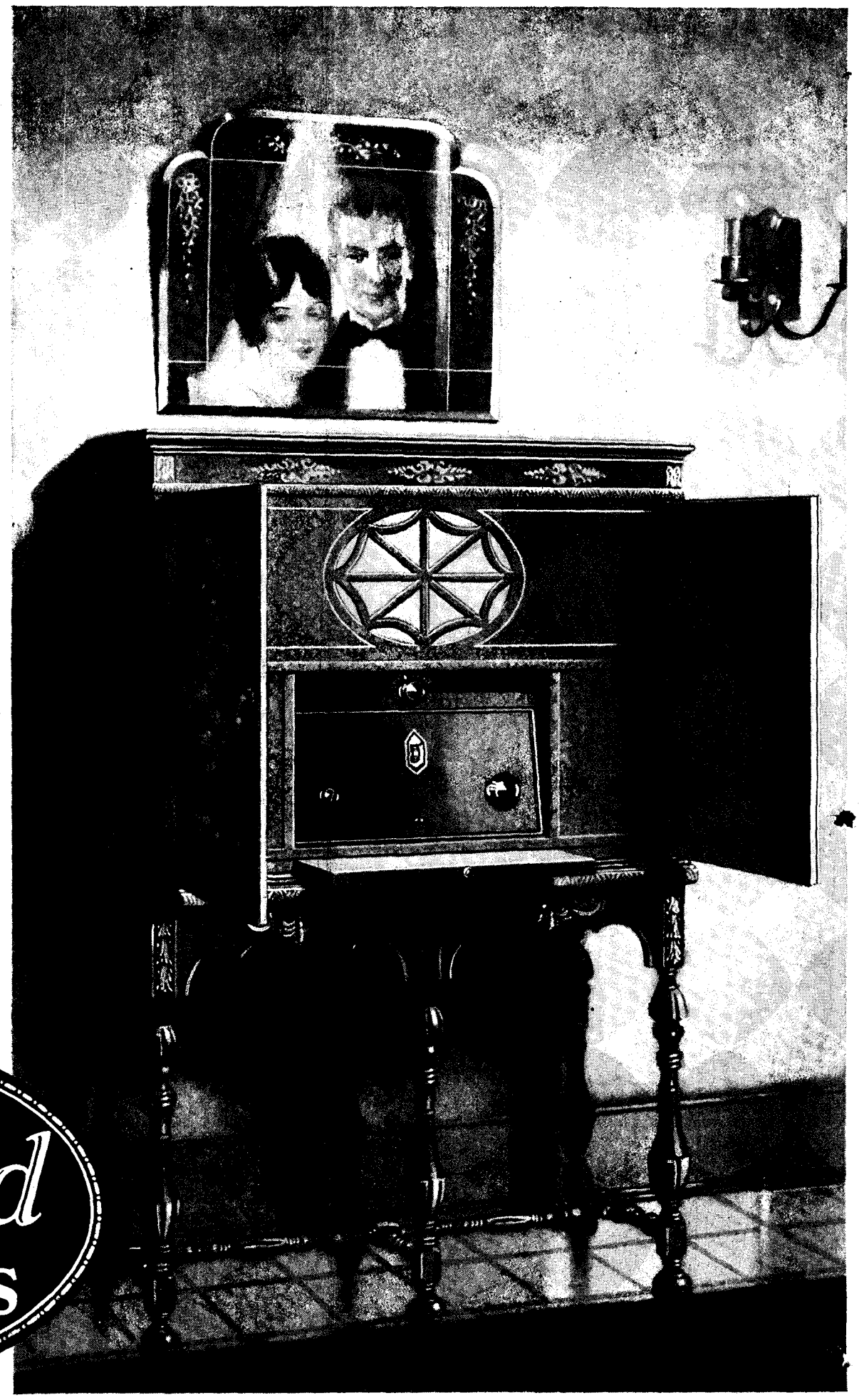


Rauland Sextet

A charming model of Colonial design, finished in blended walnut and decorated with embossed floral design. Contains an All-American Reproducer, with ample compartments for power supply units. Two tuning controls operate the 6-tube chassis.

Priced at $175.00



Rauland
TRADE MARK
RECEIVERS

To Radio Dealers

The franchise to sell Rauland Receivers offers exclusive territorial representation. It is the kind of real tangible asset any aggressive merchant wants. We are interested in hearing from retailers who see in this splendid line just the opportunity they are seeking.

Rauland Sovereign

A Spanish renaissance cabinet of solid walnut base—finished in blended walnut and beautiful crackle parchment on a gold background. The All-American Reproducer (cone type with sounding chamber) and concealed loop with directional control are self-contained. The 7-tube chassis has only one tuning control with illuminated dial. The Sovereign is a deluxe combination of beauty and fine performance. *Loop or antenna operation.* Priced at $435.00

Prices are slightly h.

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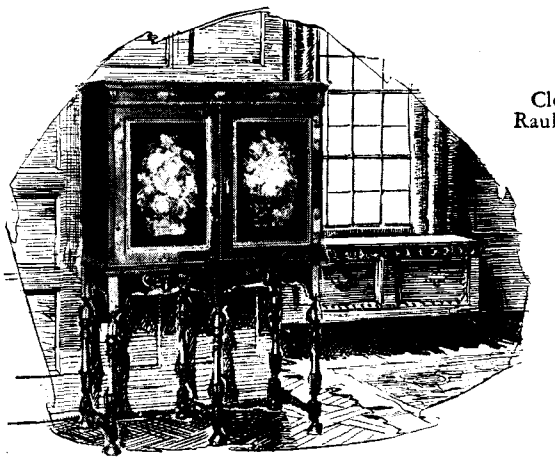


Closed view of
Rauland Sovereign

A Real Achievement in Tone Quality

The exact tones produced before the microphone come clear and full from the new Rauland Receiver

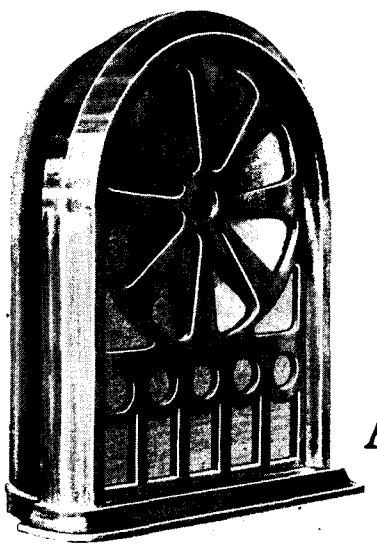
YOUR real enjoyment of radio depends upon the sounds that you listen to. You want a receiver that looks well, that brings in distant stations, that operates easily, but above all else, you want it to *sound right.*

It is perfectly natural that All-American Radio Corporation—a pioneer in radio development—should produce a line of better receivers. All-American radio products have won deserved fame among prominent music critics for their unsurpassed beauty of tone. Rauland Receivers measure up in every way to the same exacting standards of quality in materials, design and workmanship.

In Rauland Receivers each model has the beauty that justifies pride of ownership. It has sensitivity, selectivity, ease of operation. But most important, Rauland Receivers set a new standard of tone-quality. There are several Rauland models; each a masterpiece of cabinet-making artistry. And the instruments they contain—the Rauland 7-tube and 6-tube Receivers—are as fine as long experience, engineering skill and adequate manufacturing facilities can produce.

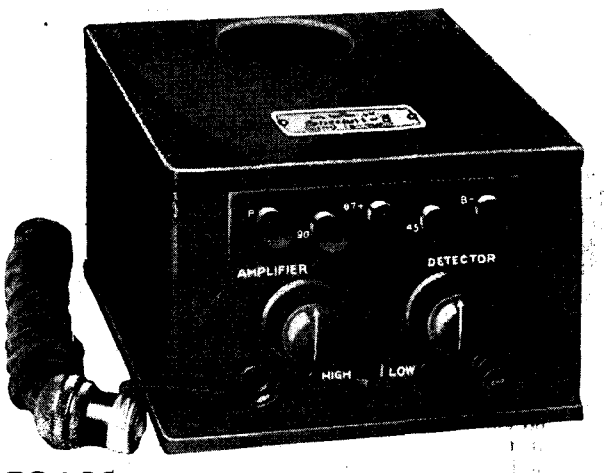
Ask your dealer about Rauland Receivers. See them, and listen to them. We have a handsome booklet describing all models, which we will gladly send on request.

ALL-AMERICAN RADIO CORPORATION
4237 Belmont Avenue, Chicago



ALL-AMERICAN
TRADE MARK
Reproducer

The All-American Reproducer is cone type, correctly balanced with sounding board and sounding chamber—to deliver that beauty of *all* tones, high and low, which are essential to fine quality reception. Price—$25.00



ALL-AMERICAN
TRADE MARK
Constant-B
Battery Eliminator

Constant-B is equipped with Raytheon tube and has five taps, delivering separate voltage for detector, radio frequency stages, audio stages and last or power audio stage. Both detector and radio frequency taps have individual controls, adapting this eliminator to almost any make of receiver. A high-low switch is also provided to take care of sets of from one to 10 tubes. Price—$37.50

of the Rockies and in Canada

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The Bridal Letter

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

A tale of Irish pride and high courage

On Sundays, while others drank at her father's bar, Nora walked with Timothy

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

THE letter came at the right moment, when curiosity regarding Nora Ryan was at its height in Glencallor. Everybody in that corner of County Mayo knew of her love affair with the tall lad of the bronze curls who had come there as an ordinary laborer with the gang that built the new road for the Cork railway over the Connatarry hills.

Precious few young men in those days after the large war, with the Black and Tans combing the country and able-bodied men everywhere on the run. But Nora had caught up with the boy. She was desirable, being pretty with her black brows and fine complexion, and her father owning the Wolf Tone Arms.

This lad had come up from Sligo, with the name of MacNamara, Timothy MacNamara, tall and square-shouldered, with fists that made him noted among the men. On Sundays, while the others drank at her father's bar, Nora walked the country with him, over the green patches against Dronches Castle, where the blackberries grew wild and there were all sorts of crannies where lovers could mind their own affairs. They had wanted Father Roche to marry them before the boy went off to America, but the priest was reluctant.

"Little for you here, boy," he had told Timothy. "And both of you are too young to know the difference between fairies and tax collectors. Go to America and make your fortune, or part of it. Then send for Nora."

And Timothy listened to the bald-headed priest. He went to America, on a night when the moon was full over Dronches, and he kissed Nora and made the promises that young men will make. But he swore by his buried father that he'd keep them all—swore this before Father Roche the afternoon of the night he left, for the priest, besides Nora, was the best friend his big fists permitted him to have.

For weeks he had gone, and months. Nora spoke of letters from him, good letters; but Nora remained, growing no younger, and other young men returned after the trouble in Dublin was over, but she had none of them. The girls down at the church in Derilan Valley on Sunday asked her about Timothy, until it became a joke that he wrote he was making his fortune, but they had only his word for it.

Nora blushed and hid her letters, and Father Roche scolded the sharp tongues of the women. But the girl knew by their eyes that they believed little she said, and hoped for bad things.

So the letter came at the psychological moment. Nora Ryan's mother stood at the door when Duffy, the postman, passed by the road and Nora ran out and brought back a brewery bill for her father and a letter for herself.

Her mother took it to her father. He read it before seven men in the private bar, and it contained great tidings. Timothy was settled in New York, doing fine things with a contractor born in County Meath, with a home newly furnished and aching for her.

They gave her a noble farewell supper in her father's house. The women of Glencallor were there to wish her well, forgetting the sly things they had thought and said. They brought her presents of old lace and fine linen and drank her health in three brands of whisky, and Father Roche, who was there, watched at the dancing under the June moon and blessed the bride-to-be publicly so that all could hear. And he read Timothy MacNamara's letter publicly so that all would remember.

On the morning she left for Cobh her mother stood in the full of the door and wept and wailed after her, and three old women from Dumross keened as if a corpse of the O'Connors were passing. But her father bawled back from the Donnybrook cart to give them more gin, with bitters, and the old women cried cheers after him and blessed Nora to her children and grandchildren.

When her father came back the next day he told how he had put Nora on the great ship Cedric, paying fifteen pounds for her fare in the second class, so that she would escape the bother they put them to at Ellis Island.

But Father Roche laughed. "She'll find Timothy MacNamara," he said.

"And why shouldn't she?" Nora's father asked him.

But the priest made no answer.

Yet no word came from America about Nora and Timothy.

There were women in the village who thought for the worst. MacNamara, they said, came from no family anybody had known. He was what the priest called a transient, and he had reason to play up to Nora because he lived at her father's public house with the rest of the men working on the road.

So years went by, Nora's father died, and the widow soon followed, but nobody had word of Nora, until in her mother's locked black box they found letters from her, fine letters on the heavy paper that government notices are printed on. When these letters were read by Reilley, the coöpter, there was no mention of Timothy MacNamara in them, nor of her married life, nor children.

This was all puzzling to Glencallor. The letters spoke of inclosing money, in large sums, which showed that Nora had met with the right side of fate. She spoke of her business, flower stores, a strange business for a woman to be in, with flowers in the Dumross Valley free for every man's hand.

Father Roche, who buried Nora's father and her mother, knew a man in Kerry who had met with Timothy MacNamara and found him well, working in Chicago. And that was all Father Roche would say. But Nora's letters were from Boston.

Then one day there came into the village a splendid motor car from Athlone, with Nora in it. Her black brows were thinned, and her face was longer, but thin and keen and wistful.

She sought out Father Roche, who was sitting on his lawn, drinking tea with old Mrs. Burke, who did so much for the little church.

He was amazed at the richness of Nora's presence; she might have been a great lady or a duchess from England, stately and cold and self-contained.

But Mrs. Burke, who had a name for being deaf and so heard more than she pretended, told what happened.

Father Roche did not ask how Nora had fared. That he could see. But he took her gloved hand and sat her down and poured her tea.

"Timothy," said Father Roche—"what happened to Timothy?"

"That I don't know," said Nora coldly.

"Now, everybody thinks you went to marry him, Nora," said Father Roche. "And how am I to know there is no ring on your finger with the glove there?"

"There is no ring, Father," said Nora, her lips tightening. "There has never been a ring, never will be."

"You saw nothing of Timothy when you got to America?" said Father Roche.

Nora shook her head.

Mrs. Burke says Nora smiled a little grimly, and that she read in her cold face the signs of much suffering.

"You've done well, Nora," Father Roche said presently. "You've become a great lady."

"I've fought for what I have."

"You recall the night before you left?" said the priest.

"I do," said Nora.

"The letter from Timothy—strange that you should not have seen him. A good boy, a boy of his word, I thought. Yet it was a strange letter."

"I've forgotten that," said Nora, and Mrs. Burke says she blushed.

"Strange," said Father Roche. "I have wondered about it, so well done a letter, Nora. And Timothy, God spare him, couldn't write his name."

Mrs. Burke says Nora blushed again and spilled tea on her fine frock. Then she and Father Roche laughed.

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There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is necessary for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Send for the book that gives the secret of *earning* more by *learning* more.

At what rate do *you* run *your* brain?

DO you realize how much more *you* could *do* and *earn* if you gave yourself a real chance—if, for instance, you knew the secret of fifteen minutes a day?

Which of these men is most like you? The laborer, shoveling coal all his days? Or the skilled man, working hard for eight hours but making no real progress? Or the factory superintendent, who has a little more leisure and hope? Or the really big man, whose earning capacity has *no* limit, and who gets more interesting play and recreation into his life than all the others put together?

Said Emerson: "Any man with an ordinary common brain can make good if he has the willingness to run that brain up to 80 per cent of its highest efficiency."

The secret of running your brain up to 80 per cent or more of its true capacity is no longer a secret, in the true sense of the word. For over 400,000 ambitious people have learned it, and put it to work for themselves.

You can learn the secret as they did, from a wonderful little book which is offered on this page. This book is free; it gives the plan, scope, and purpose of the most famous library in the world—

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—and the wonderful part it can play in your mental life.

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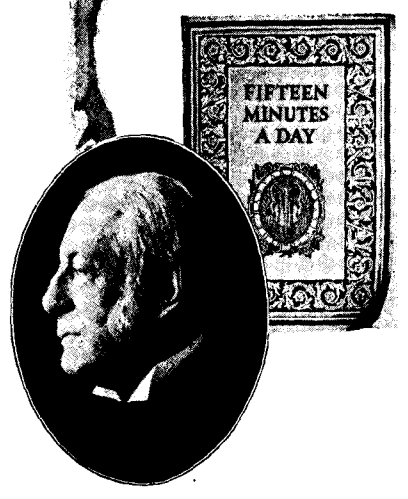
You are earnestly invited to have a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day." It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation whatever. Tear off this coupon and mail it today.



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By mail, free, send me the little guide-book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

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The Heart of Alix

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

Alix Barleston, her lips slightly parted, had been listening eagerly

The Story Thus Far:

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node, their estate. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, is a worthless drunkard now in the power of a man named Stanismore, who holds notes for most of his debts.

The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles, and Ronnie Dene, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to Node to woo Alix, promising to take care of Frankie if she will come to him. Alix spurns him.

Soon afterward in her room she is surprised by a visit from Ronnie, who is worried about her, and just as he goes Frankie comes in and whispers something to Alix that frightens her and makes her allow Frankie to stay in her room that night.

The next evening on their way home from an outing Freckles and Gerry discover the body of a dead man outside the sea wall at Node.

When it is discovered that the dead man is Stanismore, well known to them all, there is great consternation particularly on the part of Alix and Frankie. Frankie seems guiltily nervous and extracts from Alix a promise that she will stick by him and his alibi that he spent that night with her. She believes that he committed the crime though he will not admit it. She realizes that she must stand by him and that there is no turning back.

GERRY LEESE awoke with a start, his heart pounding violently. A long-drawn-out, melancholy hooting drifted in through his bedroom window.

He sprang out of bed and looked out. It was broad daylight, a gray morning, such as mariners say foretells fine weather, and out of the sea mist resounded the doleful bleat of the foghorn of the Warner lightship. With a rush the recollection of the events of the previous evening came back to him.

The first excitement of the finding of the body having subsided, he had gone to his room, at Lady Fubsy's urgent entreaty, to get rid of his wet clothes. Before going up he had seen Jump dispatched in the car to the adjacent village of Dexter with instructions to rouse up and bring back the local constable with all speed. He had left Sir Harry and Frankie Barleston waiting Jump's return and had gone to bed.

Now, as he stood at his bedroom window and filled his lungs with the clean morning air, it began once more its dull pricking. The sea door . . . that was it! Why had it been locked against them? For locked it had been. On reaching the door from the inside he had found, as he had predicted to Freckles would be the case, that the catch was down. Yet, as Freckles had assured him, it was not the custom of the house to use the catch at all. Had it been rusted as she declared it was? He couldn't remember. It didn't matter, anyway; the important fact was that they had been locked out.

Why? And had this fact any bearing on the tragedy? Sir Harry and the others apparently believed that Stanismore had been drowned by falling off his yacht on his way to visit them at Node, as he had visited them before. But on Friday night the sea was dead calm. How, in the name of goodness, had the man managed to drown himself in smooth water?

Gerry opened his bedroom door and looked out. Nobody was stirring yet. Why shouldn't he do a little investigation on his own account?

He did not stop to bathe or shave, but, as soon as he was dressed, stepped softly out into the corridor, ran down to the floor below and descended to the grounds by the garden stairs.

The sea door stood open, as they had left it on the previous night. Gerry first turned his attention to the lock. Freckles was perfectly right: the snib was red with rust. It moved, but stiffly, when Gerry pushed it down, wedging the bolt against any attempt to turn it with the doorknob or, consequently, with the key from the outside. Then Gerry observed a little reddish dust adhering to the catch and powdering the black enamel of the lock surrounding it.

He moistened his finger and picked up a few grains of the deposit. It was not rust. For that it was too gritty. Looking about him, the young man caught sight of a battered half brick lying on the path. He remembered it perfectly. They used it to prop the door open when they went down to bathe.

HE PICKED up the brick, turned it over in his hands. His fingers easily detached a few porous flakes of the same color and consistency as that reddish powder on the lock. At one end of the brick was a nick. It was obviously freshly made, for it was lighter in shade than the dull red about it. It certainly looked as though whoever had locked them out had used the brick for battering down the snib.

A brisk "Good morning!" made him start guiltily. A healthy-looking, red-faced man in a gray flannel suit and tweed cap stood in the doorway. Gerry's first instinct was to drop his brick. But he thought better of it, and instead laid his trophy carefully down again.

"You seem interested in that door," observed the man jauntily.

Gerry reddened. "I was just having a look round," he replied rather lamely.

"Staying here?" the stranger asked.

The young man's self-assurance was returning. The other's bland impertinence rather jarred on him.

"Are *you!*" he countered. But he had been brought up in a school which has taken to heart the Virginian's famous admonition in Owen Wister's masterpiece: "When you say that, smile!" And Gerry Leese's smile would have disarmed the grand inquisitor himself.

The man in the tweed cap laughed.

"I'm at Chine Bay," he answered. "I heard there was a dead body on the beach here, so I thought I'd stroll over and have a look. You've heard about it, I s'pose?

"Sure," said Gerry. His heart swelled within him, as he added importantly, "I found him."

"Is that so?" observed the stranger casually. "Well, he's out there yet. They moved him up out of reach of the sea. The tide's going out again now."

Gerry stepped out upon the little platform at the head of the steps leading down to the beach. On a dry patch of sand at the foot of the sea wall some distance away he saw a dark form stretched out.

"I guess I'll take a look at him, now that I'm here," said Gerry.

"There's no harm in your doing that if you don't touch," rejoined the man in the tweed cap.

Gerry stopped and scanned him carefully.

"Say, are you the village constable?" he demanded.

"Well, no, not exactly," the other replied gravely. "I'm his deputy, as you might say. I know Jem Belper, see, and he asked me to take charge while he slipped off (*Continued on page 43*)

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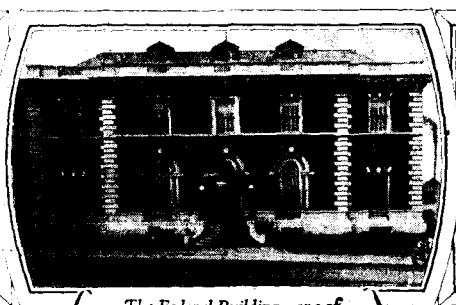
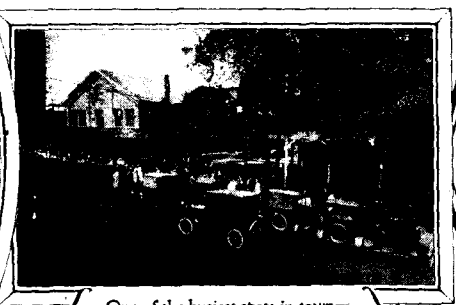
Farm trade comes to Meadville from 20 miles around



The Federal Building—one of many fine structures



One of the busiest spots in town—Meadville City Market

"ON account of the very friendly feeling existing between Meadville and the surrounding farm territory, we are favored with an exceptionally large percentage of all farm trade within a radius of twenty miles; and while Meadville possesses a wealth of diversified manufacturing, the farm trade is such a powerful factor in the prosperity of our city that the citizenship, through the Chamber of Commerce, is constantly alert for methods and mediums which will enable it to better serve our contiguous agricultural territory."

M. W. WILLIAMS, *Managing Secretary*, Meadville Chamber of Commerce.

MERCHANTS! Is there *27% Extra Business* Waiting for You, too?

THE retail merchants of Meadville, Pa., last year did an $8,000,000 business. But only $5,840,000 of it came from the town people.

The rest of it was *farm trade*—$2,160,000 worth of business from the 6,578 farm families of Crawford County. Or an average of $328 per farm family—all velvet!

For example, Meadville hardware dealers report 45 per cent of their 1925 business done with farmers—and the figure reported by the radio and music dealers is nearly as high—40 per cent. Figures for other lines of retail trade, according to the Meadville Chamber of Commerce, are as follows:

Clothing stores	25% farm trade
Automobile agencies	10% farm trade
Groceries	10% farm trade
Drug stores	8% farm trade

Think what it would mean to *your* town if every farm family in the county were to spend $328 annually in your local stores! If every merchant could count on farm trade for from 10 to 50 per cent of his total volume of business!

Of course, thousands of dealers throughout the country are in that fortunate position right now. As one dealer expressed it recently—"Farm trade is the best trade that a merchant has—we could not get along without it."

But if your merchants aren't getting all the farm trade they think they should, there is a tried and tested plan for securing it, ready waiting for them. It is the Farm & Fireside Plan, which shows how to put the force of this great national farm magazine with more than 1,200,000 readers, right back of their stores.

A Plan to Help Retail Merchants

This plan shows dealers how to tie up with the national advertising that manufacturers are doing—and put it to work locally for the benefit of their own particular trade.

For instance, Farm & Fireside showed the Curfman Store, Libertytown, Md., that 3,725 of the 3,817 white farmers in Frederick County were regular readers of Farm & Fireside. Mr. Curfman at once saw that through the Farm & Fireside Plan he could make the advertisements of 21 manufacturers, whose products he carried, produce increased sales locally.

And the results confirmed his judgment. For when he put on a Farm & Fireside Week, his sales jumped to $1,968.27, compared with $856.25 for the week before, when business was better than usual. And there are many more examples of similar success with the Farm & Fireside Plan.

The Free Book Tells All About It

This plan will help your merchants build a larger and more profitable farm trade, just as it showed Roger Curfman and many others the way to bigger sales. If you are a retail merchant, send at once for free illustrated booklet, "To Help You Get More Farm Trade," containing three tested methods for boosting farm sales. See how other retailers have taken advantage of the Farm & Fireside Plan to win new customers and multiply profits.

You can use the plan profitably if you carry even two or three of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside. So why not run through the list now and check those that you sell? The Meadville dealers checked this list, and discovered that they sold *89 of the products listed.* Meanwhile get the book—it's free. Send for it today, using the coupon below.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue New York City

TIE to these products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Aermotor Company (Auto-Oiled Windmills)
Alabastine
Allen's Foot-Ease
American Fence
American Gas Machine Co., The —"Kitchenkook Stoves"
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
American Tobacco Co. (Tuxedo)
Andrea, Inc., F. A. D. (Fada Radio)
Anthony Fence
Appleton Wood Saws
Atkins Silver Steel Saws
Atwater Kent Radios
Bag Balm
Bassick "Alemite"
Bean Spray Pump & Spraying Equipment
Blatchford's Calf Meal
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Brown's Beach Jackets
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instruments
Buick Motor Cars
Buist Seeds
Burpee Canning Equipment
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine
"California Lemons"
Caloric Furnaces
Camel Cigarettes
Centaur Tractors
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)
Chevrolet Motor Cars
Chesterfield Cigarettes
Chicago Flexible Shaft Co. (Clipping & Shearing Machines)
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Clark Grave Vaults
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Colt's Patent Firearms
Conkey's Poultry Remedy
Conn Band Instruments
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radios
Crown Overall Mfg. Co., The
Cuticura Preparations
Dandelion Butter Color
Davis Baking Powder Co.
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants
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Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dodge Automobiles & Trucks
Double-Mint Chewing Gum
Dr. Clark's Purity Milk Strainers
Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
1847 Rogers Bros., Silverware
E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc. (Semesan)
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Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Edwards Hitch for Fordson Tractors
Essex Motor Cars
Eveready Flashlights
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Kow-Kare
LePage's Glue
Letz-Dixie Feed Grinders
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Postum Cereal
Pyrene Mfg. Co. (Improved Pyrene Extinguishers)
"Prince Albert" Smoking Tobacco
Red Star Oil Stoves
Resinol Preparations
Royal Fence
Round Oak Furnaces
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Semi-Solid Buttermilk
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Spearmint Chewing Gum
Star Cars
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sure Hatch Incubators
Swift Products
Taylor Instrument Companies
Tower Loud Speaker
Trimo Pipe Wrenches
Unidn Carbide
United States Fence
United States Tires
U. S. Hame Company
Universal Batteries
Valentine's Valspar
Valentine's Valspar Enamel
Valentine's Valspar Stains
Vellastic Underwear
Walko Poultry Remedies (Walker Remedy Company)
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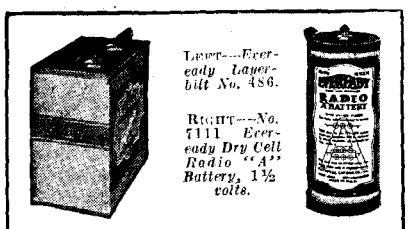

LEFT—*Eveready Layerbilt No. 486.*

RIGHT—*No. 7111 Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery, 1½ volts.*

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
-they last longer

The Long Arm of the Law-yer

Continued from page 10

and under what circumstances had he known him? In response to this question Mr. Williamson told the jury that Mr. Thomas V. Perkins and his wife had been registered guests at his hotel for a month—the month corresponding almost exactly to the one in which the epidemic of bank robberies had run its course in northern New York—and that the accused and his guest were one and the same man.

Was he quite sure that they were? He was.

Yes, he had seen Mr. Perkins wear either that same suit of clothes or one exactly like it.

Yes, the Mr. Thomas V. Perkins who had been a guest at his hotel had had that same scar on his left cheek, and that same mole on the side of his chin.

Mr. Williamson had noticed those defects in the personal appearance of his guest because Mr. Perkins had one day, in casual conversation, told him that he had been wounded during the war. Mr. Williamson had also noticed (because he couldn't help it) that his guest had affected the same stylish little mustache, worn daintily on the upper lip, and the same tortoise-rimmed spectacles that were worn by the accused.

No. It was hardly possible. Mr. Williamson didn't think he could be mistaken.

The Alibi as a Work of Art

AFTER Mr. Williamson had stepped aside Mr. Cullom called two ladies to the stand, both of whom testified that on many evenings, during the month in question, being fellow guests in the Williamson hotel, they had played bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins.

"Is Mrs. Perkins in the courtroom?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?" In response to this question both ladies pointed out Mrs. Perkins: a pretty, demure young woman—although up-to-date enough to be quite attractive to a jury. Then, following the ladies, Mr. Cullom led his ace in the shape of an Episcopal minister.

This witness, who tried to express his sympathy for his friend Mr. Perkins—but was not allowed to do so by the Court—swore that on the very afternoon preceding the night of the bank robbery and murder he had played golf for three hours, down in White Sulphur Springs, with the accused.

That settled it. That was all the testimony introduced by Mr. Cullom. One after another he had turned his four witnesses over to the prosecuting attorney, and one after another they had all defeated that worthy's earnest efforts to do anything with them. And quite naturally he couldn't do anything with them.

They were all of unimpeachable character; they were all telling the truth; they *had* known Mr. and Mrs. Perkins down at White Sulphur Springs. There could be no doubt about any part of their testimony. Hence when Mr. Cullom, in a very short speech, hinted to the jury that he had made a much better job out of his identification of Mr. Perkins as an innocent man than the prosecution had made out of its identification of an alligator bag, and also called the jurors' attention to the doctrine of a "reasonable doubt," that body of intellectuals at once returned a verdict of Not Guilty. . . .

A small and quiet but costly and wet celebration—at which Mr. Thomas V. Perkins is the host and Mr. Augustus X. Cullom, Mr. James Delaney and a fair one called Mabel (for a time "Mrs. Perkins") are the guests—is in progress in Manhattan.

The host raises his glass: "Here's to you, counselor. You're a genius! When you first told me to raise a trick mustache and wear spectacles I thought you were something else. But you're not. You're a genius."

"You said it," cut in Jimmy Delaney. "In a small mouthful you said all of it. I felt the same way. When His Eminence here issued the order for me to grow the kid whiskers, put on the glasses, acquire a mole and a scar, look as much like you as your twin brother, and then, on top of all that cruelty, insisted that I take Mabel darling under my arm and go to White Sulphur for a vacation as Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, I just about gave him up.

"Counselor, you're a genius. And Mabel and I had a good time, didn't we, Kid?"

"I'll say so," assented Mabel. "But I'll tell you it's awful hard work to be a lady. But which one of you guys is my husband? Which one am I married to, Mr. Cullom?"

"I give it up," replied Mr. Cullom, "because in the present confused state of society I never can tell which one of my clients is married to whom, or to how many, or for how long. Let's all take a *drink!*"

They did take a drink. There was silence for a moment or two, and then, in a rather reminiscent tone, Mr. Cullom addressed the trio: "Well, it's all over, and it's all come out for the best, hasn't it? Those four witnesses who got on the stand all told the truth and thereby saved our friend Perkins here from quite a shocking experience.

"The poor cashier who was trying so hard to get to Canada is now a revered martyr with a blessed memory instead of having a lot of detectives behind him; his wife and children are glorified instead of disgraced."

"Correct!" said Jimmy Delaney. "How did you ever stumble upon the bright idea of having me double for Perkins down at White Sulphur while he was at work up here in New York?"

"Precedents, Jimmy; legal precedents. The books are full of 'em. I recall one case now, down in Texas, where four honorable men swore that they had played poker all night with a gentleman who was in reality at the time ninety miles away settling up an old obligation with a sawed-off shotgun. The four men were perfectly honest in their testimony too, just like our witnesses yesterday, and as the generosity of the law says that a defendant does not have to raise his voice in court unless he wants to, and that his failure to speak shall not weigh against him, you can see how easy it is, if you think of it in time, to frame up an alibi on unperjured testimony."

"Yes, I can see that all right," replied Delaney. "But how about you lawyers? Don't your consciences ever get the cramps, and ain't there any precedents that tell you where to head in and how to behave? Ain't there anything in the books about this stuff that you're all the time talking about and that you call ethics?"

Lots of Ethics: No Conscience

"LOTS of it. Lots of precedents and lots of ethics. Why, Jimmy"—and at this point Mr. Cullom winked heavily—"don't you know that legal ethics forms the foundation upon which the liberty of the American criminal securely rests! Don't you know, my boy, that the ethics of my profession makes it obligatory upon me to shed my heart's blood in behalf of my clients, no matter whose heart's blood they shed in pursuit of their calling? And don't you know that according to our ethics, under the disguise of fees, we lawyers can legitimately share in the profits of your nefarious enterprises?

"*And furthermore, Jimmy, are you* not aware that the American Bar Association is so jealously watchful of this noble code of ethics (to which, by the way, you owe your own present freedom) that at its annual meeting this summer, not having anything else to complain of in our behavior, it registered great horror at the thought that some unholy practitioners of the law are indulging in the iniquitous proceeding of advertising for business?

"Just think of it! Isn't it awful? But of course I wouldn't advertise. It's unprofessional and not nice."

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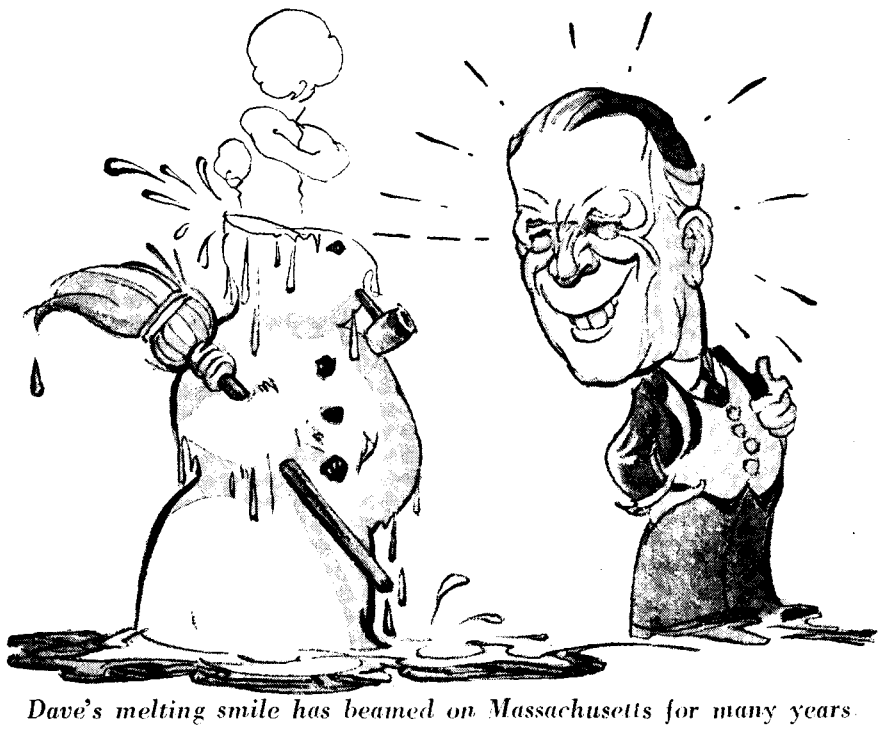

Dave's melting smile has beamed on Massachusetts for many years

Low-downs on the HIGH-UPS

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE advertising motto, "The voice with the smile wins," wasn't written about Dave Walsh of Massachusetts, but it could have been or should have been.

That is Dave Walsh, a voice and a smile. His melting smile has beamed upon Massachusetts for these many years. He has tickled the angels' toes, as they say in the South, with his flights of oratory. And thus he has performed the amazing feat of being elected many times as a Democrat in Republican Massachusetts, of almost equaling Al Smith's record of winning in 1920 when New York was voting overwhelmingly for Coolidge.

Lightly as political ties rest upon us, it is not often that a man arises who though in the minority party can get himself elected repeatedly to office by the sheer force of his personal appeal. Al Smith has done it in New York. Dave Walsh has done it in Massachusetts, not quite so successfully, for Massachusetts is a much harder state for a Democrat to carry than New York. But who else?

It seems to be a Democratic gift, for no Republican charms the South so that it forgets its party. Perhaps it is a Celtic gift, for Al Smith and Dave Walsh are both of Irish origin. Al Smith has a smile, the shrewd and knowing smile of one who learned the human heart in the streets but who has something fine in him which keeps him from ever using his knowledge of men cheaply or meanly. But Al Smith has something more, an astonishing mastery of the public business. With Dave Walsh it is a case of nothing but the voice and the smile.

Only a fair governor and a fair senator, the one thing remarkable about him is the impression his personality has made upon his state. He has not the passionate convictions that made all Wisconsin follow the elder La Follette, for he is a safe middle-grounder, a moderate liberal. He has not the wise courage that enables Al Smith to catch the imagination of his state by the largeness of his constructive ideas. Essentially he is a cautious man, as timid as the average politician.

No Republican charms the South sufficiently

Sometimes his oratory carries him away into saying things which his habitual caution would keep him from saying unless intoxicated by the emotions he was stirring in his audience. Once during the Irish rebellion he was swept along by the spirit of the occasion into passionate support of the Irish Republican cause. His first thought on leaving the platform was to suppress the speech. But it was too late.

Similarly in Massachusetts, with its Republican majority and its protected industries, he is cautious about what he says on the tariff. In the Senate in Washington he has been carried away into fevered denunciation of its abuses.

Of course he has Massachusetts to think about, with its Walsh Republicans, without whose votes he cannot be elected. Those Walsh Republicans keep him watching his step.

Merely a Coincidence

IN SENATOR LODGE'S last campaign for reëlection, in 1922, a long trip in the West kept Mr. Walsh from taking the stump to help elect the Democrat opponent of Mr. Lodge. As he was moving eastward, a voice, supposed to be Republican and important, came to him over the long-distance wire: "I thought you were not going to take part in this thing." His automobile broke down on the way from New York to Massachusetts and he arrived at the meeting (the final rally) so late that he could only say a few words of regret.

If the orator's temperament sometimes betrays him into saying things which he did not mean to say, it nevertheless serves him well. It is hard to associate trimming and caution with that voice and manner. It lets you into the secret of his feelings, which are generous and ample. His appearance helps him, for he has a fine presence and looks the great man.

Everyone in Massachusetts knows or thinks he knows Dave Walsh. It is a very engaging and impressive Dave Walsh. Perhaps it is the real Dave Walsh, and the Dave Walsh of politics is what politics has made him in a state where he has to think always of winning and holding the votes of his natural opponents. Anyway, he has the art of making his public feel that it knows him like an intimate friend.

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Good taste and good health demand a sweet breath and sound teeth.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way.

Wrigley's removes odors of dining or smoking by clearing particles of food from between the teeth, by stimulating the flow of digestive juices, and by the antiseptic action of the flavoring extracts for which Wrigley's is famous—"The Flavor Lasts!"

The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others—the final touch of refinement.

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Comes to you fresh and full-flavored in its sanitary sealed wax package

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It is the lowest-priced register that automatically prints and issues a check. It takes less counter space than any other check-printer. It is the only check-printer on which all operations, adjustments, and replenishments can be made from the front.

These are some of the advantages that this new machine offers the up-to-date merchant, but there are many more. In fact, it will give you all those modern, Remington improvements that have established a new standard of cash-register service by simplifying store systems, and by recording store transactions with greater speed, convenience and accuracy.

See how much more a Remington will give you before you buy a cash register. Remington Sales and Service Offices are in all the principal cities of the United States, and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

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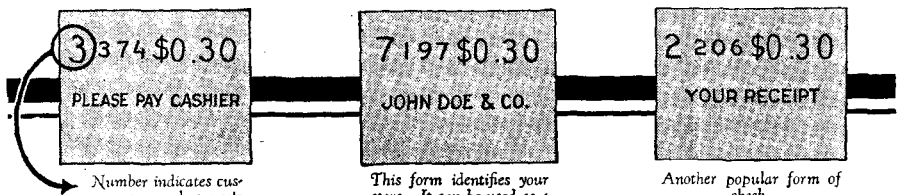

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Another popular form of check.

The actual size of check is 1⅞ inches by 1⅝ inches.

Remington
cash registers

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Dr. Lysander

Continued from page 18

low bread. A thousand Negroes herded slowly up the side of Mount Fitzwilliam. They walked slowly, doggedly. There was no singing, no fervor or resentment or protest or sense of coming loss. Nothing. A thousand black men and women trudging toward the gates of Government House. Bristol Ash and Elijah Warner led them. The soldiers of their own race met them in the cobbled square. They might go no further.

"Disperse in the name o' the King," said the corporal. "Wut yo'-all want?"

"Co'pril Amos Somerset," said Bristol Ash, "yo' is talkin' to yo' own people. Yo' own mammy is heah. Yo' pappy is in this gatherin' of children. Co'pril Amos, we come say good-by to a frien'."

"Yo' all got disperse," repeated the corporal. "Gov-nuh gwine to be angry wid yo'-all hangin' round his front do'. G'wan home, Bristol, g'wan, 'fo de commandant come and arres' you' in th' name o' the King."

The commandant came, but didn't arrest. He looked, frowned and hurried to conference with the governor. Then Doc Lysander arrived. He held up his hand as though to stay a demonstration. He turned toward the mob and began gently to speak. Yonder the even crest of Mount Fitzwilliam lay bold against the sky. And, lolling easily on that purple stage, lazed the tropic moon—huge and near and softly laughing.

"I am come here for judgment," said the Doc. The mob moaned. "I have said unto you my farewell words. The wind bloweth where it listeth. "Is that so, children?"

"Amen," was the reply.

"I go from you," said the Doc, his voice rising a little, "with kindly feelings for all and sundry. Even for Mister Kelly, who yesterday would have killed me on Andros Island, where I went to heal the mortal ills of Easter Wilkins, whose dancing has driven from you the devils. I found her languishing in pain. She who danced the evil one out of Grant's Town and over the brink and into the Lake of Fire, that the spirit might no longer trouble and the weary be at rest, sent by me a message.

" 'Behold,' says she to me, 'these limbs are weary of this world, and I would be at peace in mansions prepared for me.'

" 'Maybe,' says I to her, 'it is not the will of the Lord. Someone must remain to guard my children from the woes of the flesh. I am but mortal man filled with the spirit. If I am no longer with the children, wherewith shall they be sheltered?'

"And she says back to me: 'If you are with them, who shall be afraid? In their hour of trial I shall not be far off.' "

THE Doc ceased speaking. He strode into Government House. The aide to His Excellency conducted him into the governor's presence, and there Doc beheld his accusers—Doctors Blessing, Applegate, Wyethe and Blagnall and the commandant of police. The governor was courteous.

"Lysander," said he, "I have agreed with these gentlemen that your presence here is undesirable as long as you persist in falsely representing yourself."

The Doc nodded, but saved his opinions.

"I have called you here as a matter of fairness," went on the governor. "In justice to you, I believe that you should know why I am taking this step."

"I know about it, Gov'nor," said the Doc. "Nassau's a small place."

"It is not because you practice obi medicine, which in itself is quackery and sheer deceit, but, to be frank with you, I see a greater danger in the barrier you raise between these black people and education. They are cursed with superstitions. You, I am persuaded, are responsible for most of their nonsense."

"For years, Gov'nor," said the Doc, "I have been the servant of these benighted folks. I have eased their sorrows, healed their wounds and assuaged their griefs. You say I'm no doctor? All right, ask Siloam Simpson, Blooming Smith, Bristol Ash, the Reverend Scattergood, Old Ezekiel, Celia Wilifred, Gospel Willie and others too numerous to mention."

The governor's eyes kindled, but he stopped Lysander with impatient gesture. This tomfoolery couldn't go on. This patriarch was probably mad. All the worse.

"Nonsense," snapped the governor. "Look here, Lysander, you know that what you say is rot. You know that you're a shouting fraud. I had quite made up my mind yesterday to deport you. To-day I am given proof of the wisdom of my decision. It is reported to me that you went yesterday to Andros, where you were not only abusive but also forced this miserable practice of yours upon a sick Negro woman who was in urgent need of accurate medical advice. The woman was reported to you to be dying. It was your duty to lay the matter before a legitimate physician. Instead—"

"Easter Wilkins," interrupted Doc Lysander, "sent for me."

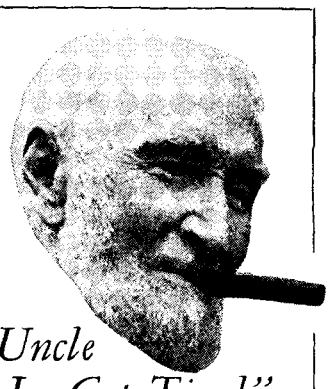
"Well, what did you do for her with this nonsense?"

The answer came from the terrace where Grant's Town awaited its master. A wild, lone, Negro bellow fetched the governor's solemn party to its feet. Again the scream, this time prolonged. Doc Lysander and his judges crowded to the piazza. As they appeared the heart-chilling cry was repeated. Liverpool Minus, pointing to the moon glow on the ridge of Mount Fitzwilliam, was crashing through the crowd of blacks. From far back in the mob he came plunging, pointing, both bare black arms extended toward the fire in the sky.

"She dance," he cried. "She dance. Th' Holy Jumper dance. Th' devil is rised up. He fightin' for a foothol'. She dance him back. She dance him back. One day she dyin', to-night she dance back the devil. Glory! Glory! Dancin' fo' the Lord! Dancin' fo' the Lord!"

Out of the purple blackness she came, queerly out of focus, along the soft, straight ridge of Mount Fitzwilliam. Out of impenetrable blackness she danced into the soft, dull silver of the moon's outer glow.

A rough, plunging dance, knees lifted high, her arms leaping black flames! A single light garment, loose and flowing and half-transparent, floated backward



"Uncle Joe Got Tired"

You'll find some anecdotes you've never heard before about the battler who served 46 years in Congress, and a fascinating account of his latter days in Danville, Illinois.

By WALTER DAVENPORT

In Next Week's Collier's

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from her lithe body, which now was bending forward as if to pitch upon the rippling sisal grass, and again backward until the dancer's hair hung thick and long toward the earth.

On she danced, never halting those plunging legs and trampling feet—on as if something unseen except by her was contesting every inch of the spine of Fitzwilliam.

Clearer, clearer she came into the fuller light, until she was silhouetted hard against the impassive, indolent moon. A cameo gone mad! Never a pause, not a break in the rhythm of the wildly swaying body, the fiercely pumping legs and the flinging arms—across the moon and into the softened glow beyond. And she danced out of sight as she had come—fading, fading until the blackness enveloped her again.

Easter Wilkins, yesterday dying, tonight dancing as no Holy Jumper had danced before. Fetched from death to fight back Grant's Town's devil! And she had won. Not once had she faltered; never had she stumbled.

There had been silence below where the blacks stood. There had been no sound on the governor's porch. But when Easter Wilkins was seen no more a chant arose from the mob:

Dis yere's My Lan', My Lan', My Lan',
Dis yere's My Lan', given to me.
Lord he give it, Lord he give it;
Dis yere's My Lan' given to me.

"Look, Bannis," said the governor. "Look at them. Look hard. Am I mistaken, or do I see the King's uniform in that mob? Is that not Corporal Somerset, well up front, leading the singing?"

"BLACK boy," cried Doc Lysander. It was the following morning.

"Yassuh," replied Liverpool Minus.

"Blessings travel in pairs. You got me, ain't you?"

"Yassuh."

"And you got an elegant gov'nor: a man of sense and wisdom who can change his mind, like he proved to the multitude last night. Ain't you?"

"Yassuh."

"Then count your many blessings one by one, Liverpool Minus, and let's be off to lend aid to the halt, the lame and the blind. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

And again in the pinkness of another Nassauvian morning, the Doc climbed the hill to Grant's Town, singing freely:

Oh, Beulah Land, Sweet Beulah Land—

Why Men Go Wrong

Continued from page 11

pocket. A smudge of coal dust across his face and he would be a white-collar man no longer, but rather a trainman or track laborer looking for a job.

Going to the far end of the station platform he waited patiently for the headlight of Number 62, the westbound freight, to appear around the curve beyond the signal tower.

Almost before he knew it the long line of box cars and flats was rolling past him. Tommy stood in the shadows beyond the lunch-room door until the engineer came along.

He was a short, heavy man, grizzled and keen, but with courage born of the thousands in his pocket Tommy accosted him.

"I got five hundred smackers in my jeans," he whispered, "for every man in your crew, and seven-fifty for yourself if you'll stop your train at Hood's Crossing for five minutes." The old trainman gazed at him warily.

"What's the big idea?" he said. "We ain't hauling no express car."

"I don't know," Tommy said. "Honest. But no rough stuff—nothing to get you boys in bad. Just five minutes at the Crossing—engine trouble, say—and the money's yours."

The engineer considered, his eyes narrow, keen.

"When do I get it?" he asked.

"When you stop. I'm riding with you."

"H-m. Got the jack on you, eh? Let's see it."

Tommy cautiously unrolled his package of bills advanced by the bootlegger, holding them within his coat. The engineer, catching their yellow glint, made a swift calculation.

"It'll cost you four thousand, bo," he whispered, "and the deal has got to be handled through me, understand. Slip me a grand now, to close things, and everything's jake. Right?"

Tommy handed the man two five-hundred-dollar bills. The engineer crushed them into his pocket.

"Gwan back to the caboose and stay there," he muttered. "Till we get to the Crossing. Then see me. And keep your mouth shut. I'll tell the boys to look out for you."

The run from Pittston to Hood's Crossing occupied less than an hour. When the train jolted to a stop one of the brakemen gave Tommy a nod and escorted him up the long line of cars to the front end of the train. The engineer, alone in the cab, signaled him to enter, and with their bodies huddled together Tommy paid him the remaining three thousand dollars. As he went back to the caboose he saw half a dozen men busy about the trucks of the alcohol car, raising the journal-box covers, stuffing the boxes with gravel and sand. By the time Tommy reached the caboose they had vanished in the darkness.

At once the train was off again, but not for long. Inside of a quarter of an hour it came to another stop. The brakeman who was acting as Tommy's guard nodded.

Again Tommy walked along the line of cars. At the one containing the alcohol he paused. Its boxes, overheated, were blazing. He heard one of the trainmen say something about having to cut the car out, and understood for the first time the purpose of the stop at Hood's. Sitting on the weed-grown bank, he watched the operation, until at last the freight rattled off in the darkness, leaving the car on a siding, the existence of which, at this point, had doubtless figured in the bootleggers' plans. Would his man appear and hand him over the money for which he had sold his honor, or would his reward be a murderous blow over the head? He waited, every nerve tingling.

Suddenly he heard the sound of automobiles, and a dozen men swarmed past him toward the disabled car. A figure in sweater and cap stopped beside him, sank softly to the grass.

"All set," he laughed, thrusting a sheaf of bills into Tommy's hand. "You did a good job. Here's your jack. We're likely to use you again."

The young man lit a cigarette, offered one to Tommy. He seemed at perfect ease, but his eyes watched operations about the car with steady vigilance.

"I suppose you're wondering how we can afford to pay you such big money on a deal like this," he grinned. "I'll put you wise. There's twenty-five hundred gallons of alk in that car. Cut forty-sixty, it's good for six thousand gallons of Scotch. Put up in fifths, that's 30,000 bottles—sixty bucks a case—a good hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Taking off your cut and expenses leaves us way over a hundred thousand to the good. Nice money, what? The little fellows will peddle the stuff at eight and ten a bottle, maybe, but we only do business in case lots." He rose as one of his men called to him. "Better beat it, kid. There's a local stops at Hood's around ten, but you'd best walk over to Granby and take the trolley. Safer. So long."

He turned away and Tommy Kendall wandered off down the track, thinking alternately of the new coat he meant to buy for Nettie and of the fact that he was now a crook.

A crook he certainly was. As such, every honest man must condemn him. Some, reading this story, may even do so over a glass of the very "Scotch" he helped put on the market. For the story of Tommy Kendall happens to be a true one.

NEW POLICY for the BUSINESS MAN

Another Forward Step in a Record of Low Cost and Sound Legal Reserve Life Insurance by the

Postal Life Insurance Co.

Are you facing an unusual exigency in business?

Have you a heavy loan in the bank?

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Is the success of your enterprise for the next few years dependent on the present man at the helm?

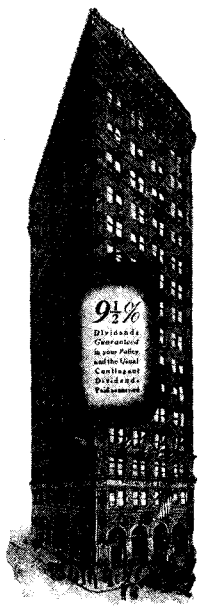
If so, your requirements are met by the POSTAL LIFE'S

BUSINESS MAN'S POLICY
Issued in units of $5,000

Based on an experience of twenty years, this Company's economies are now being more strikingly shown.

The conditions in the Company that have contributed to low cost of insurance will continue, and improve.

What Sustains and Helps the Company



Standard, Old Line, Legal Reserve Insurance, $50,000,000, issued.

Income from insurance and Investments, Over $2,000,000 Annually.

Standard Policy Provisions Approved by New York Insurance Department.

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Operated Under Strict Requirements of New York State, and Subject to the United States Postal Authorities everywhere.

High Medical Standards in the Selection of Risks.

Payment of Premiums Monthly, Quarterly, Semi-Annually, or Annually, optional with the Policy-holder at any time.

Dealing directly at headquarters for one's insurance.

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Call at the Company's office, or simply use the Coupon, or write and say, "Mail me information as to Business Man's Policy mentioned in Collier's of November 6th" and in your letter be sure to give

1. **Your full name;**
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3. **Exact date of your birth**

Every standard form of Life and Endowment insurance is issued by this company and information as to any of them will be gladly furnished.

When your inquiry reaches us no agent will be sent to visit you. We desire to co-operate with you *directly*, and have you think out with us your problems, from documentary matter submitted. Because we employ no agents the resultant commission savings go to you.

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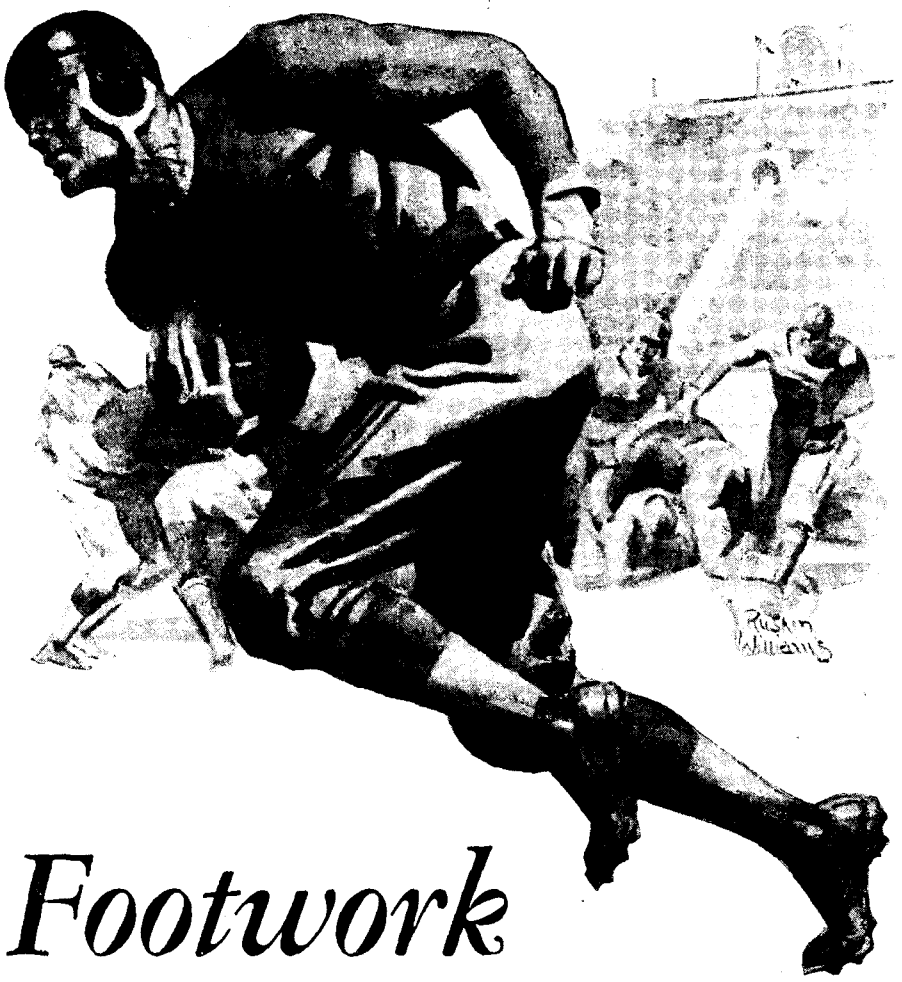

Footwork

Good feet will help any man towards his goal

A man needs his feet whether he carries a brief case, a travelling bag or a football. Suitable footwear is necessary equipment for the business or professional man, just as it is for the powerful halfback.

Shoes can slow a man up, tire him out and even lick him to a frazzle. A man needs both comfort and foot freedom to do his best work. Thousands of men are enjoying these qualities in the Cantilever Shoe. This comfortable shoe is shaped just like the natural foot, but the similarity to the foot doesn't stop there. For the Cantilever Shoe is flexible from toe to heel as Nature made the foot. It not only fits the foot comfortably; it functions with the foot, too.

How about your feet? Do they ever ache and feel tired? Are they showing signs of weakness and strain? A pair of Cantilever Shoes will ease them wonderfully, support them buoyantly and give them new life. The 'sprung-up', flexible shank of the Cantilever can be laced up snugly to the undercurve of the foot. This gives you a springy type of support that does not restrict the circulation or the strengthening exercise of the foot. The foot muscles are free to maintain or regain the strength they need to hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in strong, springy arches.

There is no need for any man to deny himself the comfort and foot health the Cantilever Shoe will give him, for this shoe is a money saving investment. It is made of fine, durable leathers and dollar for dollar will outwear almost any shoe made. Well dressed men wear the Cantilever Shoe and are enthusiastic about its good, dignified style. Enjoy real comfort by investing in a pair of Cantilevers to-day.

Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast and are within shopping distance of practically all readers of this periodical. The Cantilever Corporation, 412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be glad to advise you where you can most conveniently buy Cantilever Shoes and send you an interesting and informative folder on foot health.

Cantilever Shoe

— *supports the arch, with flexibility*

MEN · · WOMEN · · GIRLS

Ewing Galloway

A striking night photograph of Kilauea, the Hawaiian inferno

Catching Up with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

THE Hawaiian Islands are peaks of a mountain ridge hundreds of miles long and about 37,000 feet high. This is some 8,000 feet higher than Mount Everest, but being mostly under water it cannot claim to be the tallest in the world.

In the top of one of these Hawaiian peaks is a big hole, eight miles around, called Kilauea, filled with melted rock. The lava comes up from a pit in the floor of the crater about once in nine years and then sinks down again four or five hundred feet and the surface solidifies for a while.

The big eruption of May, 1924, consisted of a blow-out and a cave-in. Bowlders, stones and pebbles of unmelted rock were thrown out. An eight-ton bowlder was cast 3,500 feet from the mouth. The cave-in left a hole 3,500 feet long, 300 feet wide and 1,290 feet deep. What fell in was over 250 times as much as what was thrown out.

Where all the stuff went to is the question. Dr. Jagger, the volcanologist, who lives at Kilauea and keeps watch over the crater, thinks that the mountain of Mauna Loa is cracked and that there is a wedge of solid lava, weighing five thousand million tons, sticking into the crack. When the sides of the mountain yield a bit then the wedge sinks deeper into the crack. Then the melted lava splashes out and runs down into the sea.

A Chemical Test of Sex

IN THE exhibition rooms of the National Academy of Sciences there is a set of a dozen test tubes in a rack each containing a pink or red liquid. Each pair of test tubes is marked with the botanical name of some plant and one tube of the couple bears the symbol of Mars, the other of Venus. The "female" of each pair of test tubes is of brighter and deeper tint than the "male."

This is a demonstration of chemical test for the determination of sex invented by E. Manoilov of Munich. It works as well for animals, even for human beings. Sex, it seems, is not a superficial thing of form and character, but pervades the entire being. The vital fluids have different chemical constituents, hormones, and these can be detected by a suitable series of reagents. A few drops of sap or blood is sufficient for the reaction, and after the chemical tests are applied the liquid comes out colorless, or nearly so, in the case of the male and reddish, brownish or purplish in the case of the female. This means that the chemical processes are more vigorous in the latter.

At the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution the test has been applied to the sumach, poplar, mulberry, tree of heaven, hop, hemp, dock and other plants with a high percentage of success. The Manoilov method is useful in distinguishing the sexes in the case of dicœcious species (that is, species in which the male and female organs are borne by different individuals) where the two sexes are on different trees and it is often desirable to plant one and not the other. It has also served to solve the problem of the bread molds, where the two sexes are so similar in shape that it has hitherto been impossible to tell which is which.

Whiskers for Ears

THE cockney variant of the old song "There's music in the *hair*" is a literal fact so far as the caterpillar of the mourning-cloak butterfly is concerned. He hears with his whiskers, which he wears all the way down his back. This is a discovery of Dr. D. W. Minnich of the University of Minnesota.

Dr. Minnich's curiosity was aroused by the peculiar way in which the caterpillar jerked back his head and the forward part of his body when touched. He did the same thing in response to sounds. But apparently he couldn't hear very well during his periodical changes of skin. So Mr. Minnich put the hairs out of commission at other times by loading them with flour or with drops of water, or by carefully singeing them off without harming the caterpillar. Thus Delilahed, the poor caterpillars were as deaf as Samson was powerless after his fatal haircut.

But left in full possession of their ear-hairs, the caterpillars remained competent music critics. Their taste was for barytones and contraltos, apparently, for they ignored sounds higher than two octaves above middle C, but they became fatigued after from five seconds to a minute of continuous sound and refused to respond.

One of the most interesting bits of behavior which Dr. Minnich noticed was that the caterpillars responded to sounds when their heads were cut off; and relatively small sections of a dismembered caterpillar showed they could still recognize a sound stimulus. Apparently they could not escape from the neighborhood saxophone pest by throwing themselves in front of a lawn mower.

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The Godown Clerk

Continued from page 24

her shoulders in his hands. Held her so, while his full eyes, quietly desperate now, took her in.

"You don't want to be left here in Kiukiang, do you? Four hundred miles up the Yangtze?"

"No, but—"

"There's another difficulty. You're not so safe with me. Do you think I haven't feelings? After ten years of the coast? Picking you up that way . . . carrying you in here . . . holding you in my arms . . . the sort of girl I haven't been close to since . . . oh, I don't amount to much. I've failed out. Just a godown clerk on the Bund. But I've got folks back in New York State. I had high hopes once. A couple of years at college; all that. I used to be crazy over a girl who wasn't an inch bigger than you. She married a friend of mine—a friend—and I came to China. Can't you see that my blood's on fire! Damn it, I'm human!"

Her fluttering lids lifted; the hazel eyes met his. He drew her into his arms, held her tightly, kissed her.

"There," he said brokenly, "I told you you weren't so safe. Now do just as I told you. Lock the door after me, and watch."

HE SLIPPED without and pulled the door to. A new shouting set up in the courtyard. Rallying her scattered faculties she sprang the lock and then groped toward the hole in the paper. It was too high. With an effort she dragged the chair over and climbed on it. She made out his tall figure, well down toward the farther end of the courtyard, surrounded by those ragged men in blue. One was holding his arm, hotly arguing.

Her eyes, abnormally sensitive to impressions, noted the stable that extended the full length of the courtyard. Mules and donkeys were placidly feeding there, facing inward over the long manger. On the opposite side was a row of cell-like rooms, backed against the outer wall of the compound. Between, in the courtyard, were tipped-up carts, with curved tops of matting, bales of tea with their gay red labels and a few wandering burros. At the farther end stood the great barred gates, studded with spikes and roofed overhead with tiles. There was a small door in the right-hand gate. He was making his way toward that door. Crack! Crack! Crack! They were shooting again. She shivered, clinging to the framework of the wall.

"I don't even know his name," she said breathlessly; then started at the sound of her own voice. At the gate they swarmed about him, appeared to be shoving him. He hit one of them a vigorous blow. They fell back. He unbarred the door and stepped through. The rabble rushed toward it. Crack! Crack! Crack! from the street. Anabel closed her eyes, but then quickly opened them. He was stepping deliberately back over the high sill of the door. He slammed it shut and faced them. That man who appeared to be the innkeeper rushed excitedly up to him, only to be tossed roughly aside. How strong he was! She wanted to hear more of his story. . . . They were throwing things. Bits of brick. They were pelting him. He went down. She mustn't faint again. And she must watch. He'd told her to watch. He was up, fighting. She stumbled to the floor; fell on one knee; got up and opened the door. Her Yankee fiber was in evidence now. She wasn't afraid. He was in desperate danger, whoever he was. And so was she. They'd escape together or not at all. There was strength in that old-young face of his, as in his gaunt body. And he was, queerly, home folks.

She was crying, standing there in full sight in the doorway, but that didn't matter. She called to him, as loud as she could. The swirling little mob drew nearer, with him always in the center. He had caught up a heavy stick and was laying about with it—a cart spoke, apparently. Now he saw her and shouted for her to go in, but she didn't. He was free; came staggering up the steps. The Chinese, still at their infernal jabbering, but cowed, fell back.

It was she who locked the door. He was leaning against the wall, panting. Blood was trickling from the roots of his hair down over his forehead and into his eyes. He brushed it away, muttering something. He seemed rather apologetic. Her knees were sagging, but she nerved herself, helped him to the chair, and wiped off the blood with her handkerchief. He said, "Take mine." She made a bandage of it.

He smiled weakly up at her. "Well," he managed to say, "that's that. I saw a few of the tuchun's soldiers dodging about. It's house-to-house work, apparently. They're shooting over the street walls." Then, hesitating, with a shy look, he reached up, drew her face close, and kissed her. She didn't care. It was real. She didn't know her tears were still falling, until he said, "Don't cry." Then she sat on the arm of the chair and took his bruised head in her arms. And for a time she didn't hear the noises.

"You're Wellesley," said he, "and I'm Yale. Or I was for a while. The situation has its comic aspect."

But she didn't join in his short laugh.

"What is a godown?" she asked.

"Oh, a warehouse. . . . There's only one thing to do now. I figured it out during the scrap. If I can hoist you up on the stable, we can get away over the roofs to the back street. My house is only a couple of streets away. Do you think you'd be up to it?"

"I'm all right." She wasn't, but it didn't matter. She'd be game. "But you can't go out there now. You're hurt."

"Not enough to slow me up." His head, however, leaned weakly against her breast, and his hands lay nerveless on his knees.

"Tell me more," said she.

"More what?"

"About yourself."

"Oh, what's the good? It's a pretty familiar story out here on the Coast. There's plenty of us. I . . . oh, well, I had a chance in the consular school, studying the language and all. Then I drifted out of that into the Imperial Customs, and from that into this tea business. You see . . . well, I've been here in Kiukiang seven years. It's my prison, I guess. I get pretty desperate. Lonely, you know."

"Of course."

"For a while I drank. That's what lost me the job in the customs. Then . . . well, I got tangled with a Chinese girl. Oh, it's just the old story!"

"Oh!"

"It wasn't what we regard as marriage. But they more or less do. I paid for her."

THERE was silence, but Anabel didn't move.

"The real trouble, I suppose, is that I'm an adventurous sort of fellow. I've always been crazy to write. And I thought for a while I could break into exploring. With some scientific expedition. But my record wasn't too good. . . . Come on, let's try it now. I can make it all right."

"Not just yet."

"But we've got to! We can't just sit here dreaming!"

"I've been pretty—well, disorganized myself."

"*You* have?"

She nodded soberly. "I don't know but what my trouble is about the same as yours. Adventuring, that is."

"Look here"—with an effort he slipped an arm about her—"this simply won't do! Can't you see that I'm crazy about you? You hop into my life like an unbelievable girl from fairyland. Worse than that, really . . . from home! You're lovely. And you're dangerous. Damn' dangerous to a man in my fix. I'm anything but normal right now. Do you know what I'm thinking? That for three cash I'd cut the whole business.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Stopping Leaks for 8 years

Motorists Everywhere Rely on Radiator Neverleak to Make Permanent Radiator Repairs

THE next time a leak appears in your automobile radiator, try this: Buy a can of Radiator Neverleak from your accessory dealer or garage (it is sold from coast to coast), pour contents into radiator while motor is running, then watch the leak slowly but steadily stop until a permanent repair is made.

Save the delay and expense of soldering. Make a repair that defies heat and cold, vibration and time. There can be no ill-effects whatever for Radiator Neverleak is guaranteed not to clog or impair the cooling system. In fact it prevents formation of rust and scale. Let it remain in radiator.

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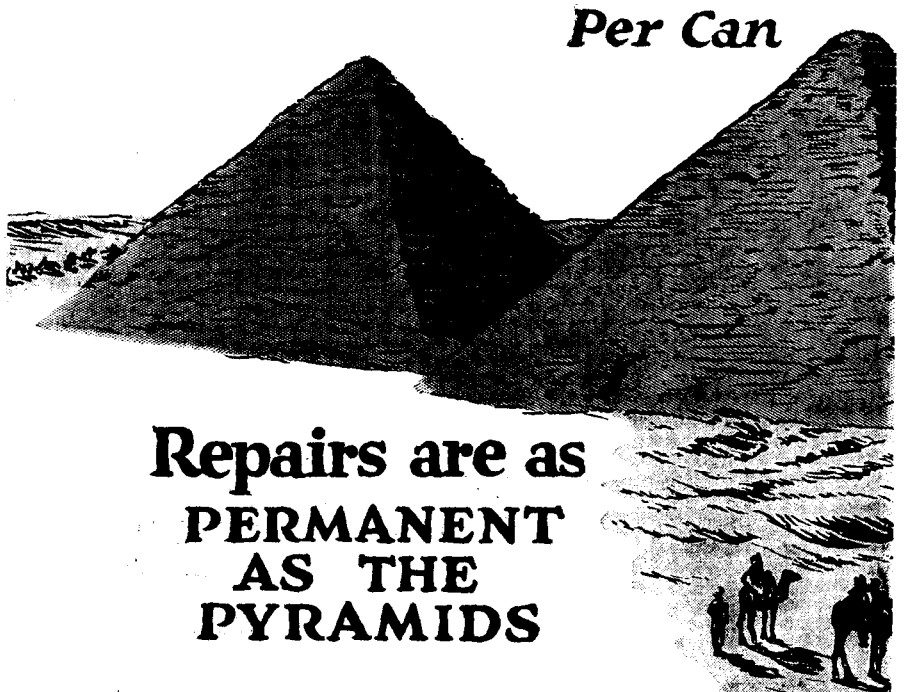

Repairs are as PERMANENT AS THE PYRAMIDS

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ASK... ANY... RADIO... ENGINEER

The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use *must* be dependable. They *must* serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

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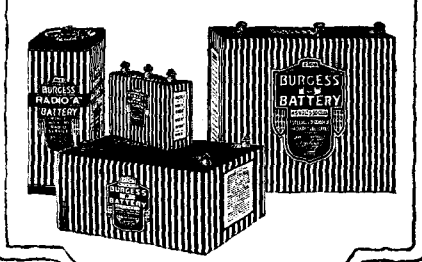

BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

The Godown Clerk

Continued from page 37

Just steal you and run for it. Go adventuring and damn the consequences." His voice trembled. "I tell you you're not safe with me. Can't you get that into your adorable little head?"

"But you've got a wife."

"Sort of. But she'd just go back to her folks. I'd pay something. That's how it's done out here. I've managed to put by a little money these past few years. Saving up for the big break. I sell articles now and then to the New York Sunday papers. The interest in China is growing, you see. And there've been other ways of picking up a little money here and there. It was my only chance!"

She wasn't listening.

"This," she said, "is what I did. And it's the fix I'm in. After I left college I went to work in the public library at home. Coventry, Mass. There just wasn't any place for me anywhere. And I was pretty near twenty-five." She compressed her lips.

"No place for you. Don't make me laugh. There must have been plenty of men around."

"WELL, you see"—her brows were knit over it—"I was rather different. I just belonged there. I wasn't dressed like this. Oh, my hair was long and my clothes funny. And I couldn't change."

"Couldn't?"

"If you'll stop and think what a little New England town can be like, you'll understand why. Your own town, I mean, where everybody knows all about you. You're kept in your place. Besides, I didn't have any money. Then a little was left me. My aunt died. And I—well, in a way I suppose I just lost my head. I put every cent of it into this world cruise. And the clothes and all. Just plunged."

"My word!"

"And now that I'm halfway round the world I've begun to realize what it'll mean to land back in New York without a cent. I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I can't go back to Coventry. Or I won't."

Another silence. Then, from him: "I just wish to God I'd met you before—before all this." He sighed. Then, with some strength, drew her head down again. "I suppose I'll wake up. It's all grim enough. But I'm not really a bad lot. I got off the liquor. And—oh, what's the use?"

"Exploring sounds like a dream to me."

"It's dangerous."

"I don't think I'd mind."

He drew her head around; held it above his upturned face and looked straight into her eyes. "I wonder, young lady, if you know what you're saying."

"Oh"—she laughed softly—"as much as I ever do. I've found myself getting disillusioned this last month or so."

"But you wouldn't really consider chucking everything, your cruise and all, and setting out to beat the world? With me? I'm ready, you see. I'd do it. Say the word, and off we go. We could be married at Shanghai. Or by a missionary somewhere."

His eyes burned into hers.

"We have to decide, you know. Either we make a dash for it now, over the roofs, to the steamer, if it's still there, or else we wait until dusk and walk out on the big adventure."

"It wouldn't be safe to go now, would it?" she asked, in a colorless voice, averting her eyes, adding: "They're still yelling out there. And—listen—shooting."

"Will you marry me, Anabel?"

"How did you learn my name?"

"From your cards. Will you marry me? Will you throw your life in with a battered-up man like me? I'm not old. I've still got a lot of crazy dreams. Will you marry me?"

"I don't know your name," said she.

"John Gow. Same as the old pirate."

A silence. Then, from her, very softly, "I feel as if I were dreaming."

Impulsively he pulled her face toward his again, but she drew away, saying, "Listen!".

Faintly, above those nearer noises, he heard the deep whistle of the steamer.

"Well," said he huskily, "there's time yet, perhaps. Probably the other party hasn't got back yet."

Rather carefully she folded the bloody corner of her handkerchief inward and then pressed it to her eyes. She could think only of how he looked standing there with dirt on his sleeve and trousers leg, and his dark hair bristling out above the improvised bandage. The pathos of his life was unnerving. . . . What if she let the steamer go? The surge of primitive emotion within her breast frightened her. It drove out all reason, all balance. She wanted him to snatch her from the chair, hold her close again, hurt her. The thought of that Chinese woman, hidden somewhere, rose stabbingly. But still, other men than he had stirred her. Perhaps they had roused her to just this pitch. Could she blame him? She fingered her handkerchief with purposeless fingers. Wasn't it, everything said and done, all a woman was good for—surrender herself to some man and hope for the best? There was, of course, this breath-taking suddenness about it. But did that matter either? What woman, ever, anywhere, knew the man she married?

"Here's what I've dreamed of," he went on. "Buying a junk and cruising the South Seas in her. And writing. Articles and stories. Adventuring. There'd be some novelty about it. I believe we could beat our way through. Get somewhere. There's a market for that sort of writing, you know. Especially since the 'White Shadows.' We both seem to be that sort. And I'd work my hands to the bone for a girl like you. You've got imagination, you see. And, anyway, you fascinate me. It's . . . Oh, God, Anabel, will you do it? Will you come? You made one plunge. Make another with me. The big plunge. Will you?" His voice broke. He reached for her hand; pulled her to her feet; caught her again in his arms. "Will you?" Her forehead sank against his breast. "Will you?"

She had to clear her throat. Then her voice murmured, "I don't know that there's anybody in the world who'd care what I—"

"Will you? Say it! Damn it, I want to hear the word."

"Yes," she breathed.

HER lips met his. Her heart seemed to swell within her breast. She felt rather than saw the shine in his eyes. Yes, it was real.

"Come over here," he said; then lifted her to the hole in the paper wall. He was chuckling. "My word, but you're light. No weight at all!" She laughed too. He went on, "You see the stable there . . . how low the roof comes down? Now listen! It's near enough dusk now. That crowd is at the other end of the court. We'll open the door quietly and run for it. Do you feel up to climbing up there, with me helping you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Nerves fairly steady?"

"Steady enough." She looked up demurely. "As steady as you could expect."

"I'll kiss you for that. . . . Now, here we go!"

Slowly he swung the door inward; then caught her hand, and they ran. He leaped up on the manger, drew her after, and fairly bundled her up on the tiles. She found she could hold there. A second more and he was beside her. It was not difficult to step from the roofs of one compound to another. None of the houses were more than a single low story in height.

They were quite matter-of-fact about it. He said, as they made their way along, "You can get your things off the ship at Shanghai." And she replied easily, "Oh, yes! All I need. I don't seem to care particularly. That phase is over."

It came upon her at first as only a door in the street wall. He knocked. A manservant in a blue gabardine

Tom Masson Says

EVERY husband to every wife: HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, DON'T BLAME ME.

The millennium will come when someone invents a traveling bag that holds everything you need and doesn't weigh anything.

Some men are so desperate they have been known to marry girls who exclaim "How thrilling!" regularly ten times a day.

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a novel in which the characters all have real names. It will now be in order for someone to write a novel in which the names all represent real characters.

"After all," said the modern husband, regarding his wife's dressmaking bill with lackluster eye, "it's the uncover charge that hurts."

"Talk about monotony," might remark President Coolidge, "life these days is just one budget cut after another."

At Princeton a man has discovered something which keeps fireflies lighted all the time. Now no firefly need be held up by the traffic cop because he hasn't got his tail light lit.

Some folks will even go into a modern drug store to get a prescription filled.

"There is no individual, however base of degraded, for whom, given knowledge or all the circumstances including heredity and environment, a case could not be made out," says James Agate. How about the newly married friend who plays golf with you and asks his wife to walk around the links while you are playing?

You never know what a girl is going to do; that is, you know as much about it as she does.

It is now stated that hired men are going out. The one we have hasn't come in yet.

Five hundred thousand men in the United States use cosmetics. That's a poor way to make up to the girls.

Life is so uncertain. Even motor car drivers are constantly running across people they don't know.

The main trouble with some tempers is that they can't get lost.

Certain ecclesiastics in Newark, N. J., have been ordered to give up their motor cars. At this stage of the game it does seem too bad deliberately to increase the number of pedestrians.

The price of elephants has been advanced to $3,000 for small ones. We can do better, however, by the herd.

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The sporty, long stem and the swanky, rough finish of Milano 1439 combine to make it a pipe you enjoy smoking.

The Sweetest Pipe In the World

Century-old briar from the hills of sunny Italy goes into Milano's bowl. Seasoned to a turn. Aged to perfection. Hand fashioned into beauty.

Milano's the sweetest pipe in the world—the truest friend a smoker can have.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, $3.50 up. Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

MILANO
The Insured Pipe
"It's a W D C"
WD C TRADE MARK

opened, smilingly. "It's not a pretentious place," said John Gow. "Only two courtyards."

He led her through a tiled passageway into the first court; and she gave an involuntary "Oh!" of surprise. The area was twenty-five or thirty feet square, with a separate sloping-roof house on each end of the four sides. There were shadowy porches. In the dim light of hanging colored lanterns she glimpsed Japanese dwarf trees in fine old jars of blue-ware and crackle and paintings on the walls. There was color . . . the strong reds, blues, yellows and greens of China, and marked charm. An ornamental gateway with a tiled curving roof gave on the inner court.

He led her to a carved seat in the shadows of a porch. Then, hesitating, he stood motionless, holding her arm in a tight grip. Glancing up, she saw that his face was working. Thus they stood, through a long silence. She sank down on the seat and listlessly gazed about. The mood of ecstasy was broken. She didn't know how, and couldn't have said just when. But so it was with moods.

"There's just one thing I haven't told you about," said he at last in an uncertain voice. "I rather think you'll have to know."

HE RELEASED her arm, and walked heavily to that painted gate under its dragon roof. Opening it a little way, he called. There was a cry of pleased greeting, and a small figure came running in—a girl of five or six. She hugged him, talking excitedly, happily, in a quaint singsong. He led her forward. As they entered the dim circle of light Anabel made out a gay round face with slanting eyes and a plump small body in a quilted, flaring skirt, an embroidered sleeveless jacket and a yellow hood of tanned leather, with the eyes and nose of a wolf painted directly over the little black head.

Anabel smiled as the child lowered her head, shook it threateningly, and made a barking noise.

Then, wondering, she looked up at the man. Inquiringly, without words.

He gave the child a pat and gazed mournfully after her as she scampered away.

"My daughter," he said, with evident difficulty.

Once more silence fell between them; a barrier this time.

She broke it. "Well" . . . only that. "You'd have to know."

"I'm afraid it . . . doesn't work out," said she.

"The trouble . . . that old trouble . . . our own standards." Then, defensively: "But the Chinese are immeasurably different. It's only fair to realize that. Point of view, I mean."

Silence again.

"The steamer's gone, of course," said she, with a touch of Yankee briskness.

"You—you mean you'd—"

"You spoke of a consulate."

"I can get you there all right, if—if that's how you—"

She rose.

"I'll call a cart," said he.

The consulate was near the upper end of the parklike Bund. He rang a bell. Chinese servants ushered them in. And there, just within the compound, stood a group of white folk, talking earnestly. Among them she recognized her friend Mrs. Bransfield and the cruise director. They fell upon her with delight. "My dear," cried Mrs. Bransfield, "how on earth did you ever—"

"These wonderful people at the consulate have been scouring the city for you," put in the cruise director.

Anabel's knees were sagging again. Emmy Bransfield's arm about her was a help. She must somehow keep up. And she'd have to explain herself. Did they suspect? They were looking toward John Gow.

"I was afraid the steamer'd be gone," said she, with a weak smile.

"Heavens, no! The captain saw you from the bridge and called to you. The man he sent couldn't find you."

Yes, they were looking at John Gow. Anabel looked too. What she saw was simply a strange young man in rumpled clothing: a big, gaunt man with a patient, dogged mouth that belied his queerly bright eyes. What had happened, anyway? She pressed a limp hand to her eyes. What had they been up to, she and this stranger? She couldn't, in her thoughts, reconstruct it—couldn't even believe it. Was she, after all, merely the ungoverned "feminine" sort? Her head ached.

She'd have to say something, do something. Nerving herself, she stepped forward. "I can't thank you enough," she said quickly, "for all your kindness. You see [to Emmy Bransfield], Mr. Gow more or less saved my life."

"Oh, really, not at all!" was his awkward response. Then: "Well, as you're in safe hands now, I'll leave you. Good luck!"

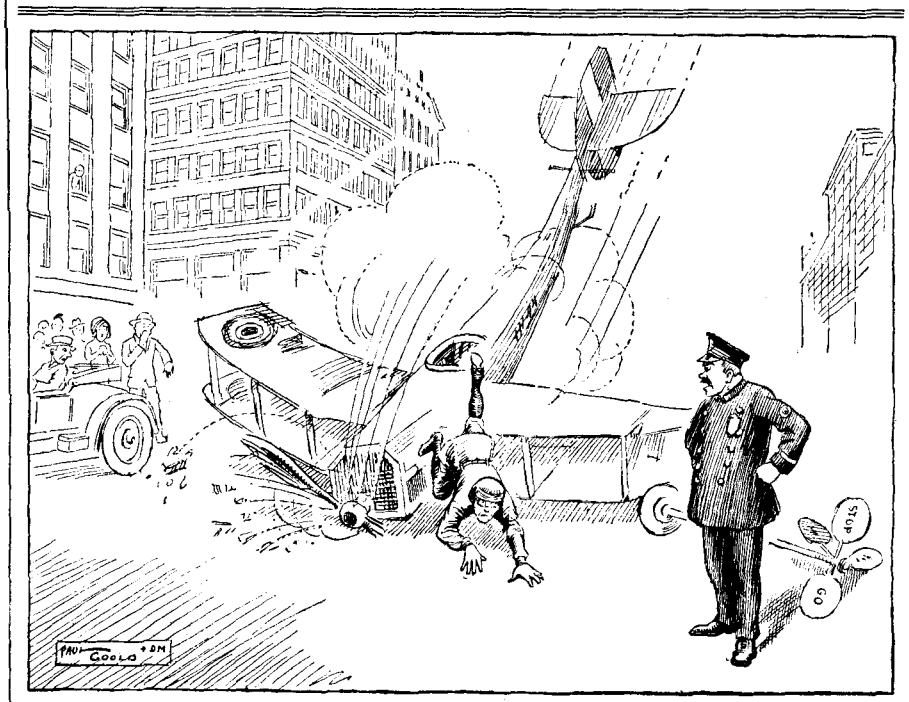
He was gone.

"My dear"—from Emmy Bransfield—"you've simply scared us to death! Walking right out into the middle of a Chinese war!"

"I won't do it again"—Anabel, not quite so offhand as she was trying to be. "In fact, I'm about ready to believe there's something in the old chaperon idea."

"There's a lot in it," said Emmy Bransfield, with a quick, close look.

Another of Anabel's adventures will appear in next week's Collier's



Traffic Cop: Pull over to the curb and I'll talk to you

Contentment in Every Draw—Cards or Tobacco

Pipe-smoking card-player finds his tobacco keeps him happy, winning or losing

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greenville, Tenn.

A discovery made during a card game has evidently made him a life member of the Edgeworth Club.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

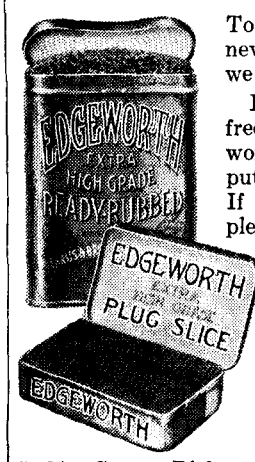
His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouch. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—at peace with the world—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

If you ever indulge in poker or any other losing business, my advice is—fill up the old pipe on Edgeworth and as the delightful fragrance fills the air you will be at peace with the world.

Sincerely,
W. H. Doughty.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5-W S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

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Your face will like it . . .

and show its appreciation all day

EVERY masculine face likes Mennen Skin Balm. I've never known a fellow yet who didn't admit it's the best after-shaving preparation he ever met.

Skin Balm is refreshing. Non-greasy. Quickly absorbed. It gives a cool tingle to the skin. It is pleasantly astringent. Skin Balm corrects abnormal oiliness, gives a clean, fresh, well-groomed look that lasts the whole day.

Skin Balm is magic for healing little cuts, roughened places, skin eruptions, chapped hands or lips.

Costs only a half-dollar. Try-out tube for a dime. Buy a big tube. I guarantee you'll like it. If you don't, send me the tube. I'll refund your money plus postage.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

For women, too

Women like Skin Balm. It's ideal as a powder base—astringent and never "spots through." Softens your skin and improves its texture. Excellent for chapped lips and roughened skin. Skin Balm comes in tubes. You'll like it much better than liquid lotions for the hands.
Just try it.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
343 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN SKIN BALM

The Dinner Party

Continued from page 15

about the children, but, with all her faults, Mrs. Murphy is perfectly reliable. Why can't we make a night of it and go home on the three o'clock local?"

Louise was secretly longing to go to Tony's. As Kitty had said, it did sound thrilling. She'd never been to any of the night clubs. So now she murmured doubtfully, still feeling she had to protest a little, "Well, Ellery, if you think it will be all right—"

"The music's wonderful down there!" It was Kitty being ecstatic again. Kitty was dreaming of dancing held closely within Jack's arms. Of course she'd have to dance with the two old fogies as well. Old fogies always wanted to dance with the young girls now. Why did they? Why didn't they realize they were old fogies? But these dances wouldn't count. Only her dances with Jack mattered.

"I think it would be great sport," Tom Lowry said. He was really anxious to have the Champs have a good time. Good old Ellery! He did have tough going! "We needn't stay long," he added.

And so, just as the curtain rose on the second part of the revue, it was agreed that afterward they were to go to Tony's.

THE Lowrys' car was being painted, or something, and therefore they had been compelled, with many apologies, to use taxicabs that night. ("Imagine apologizing for using a taxi," Louise said to Ellery later.)

After they came out of the theatre they all managed to crowd into one taxicab, with Kitty sitting on Jack's lap, an arrangement that, as you can well imagine, was not at all displeasing to her, although Kitty blushed and said, "This is a little unconventional, isn't it?"

The taxicab driver knew where Tony's was. "Aw, sure, I know!" he said confidently. "Wasn't I born in that there neighborhood?"

Everybody laughed except Cora. Cora didn't think that anything a taxicab driver said could be amusing.

So then they traveled east farther than it seemed possible to travel east, and then they traveled so far south that it seemed as if their wild, honking flight would end in a plunge into the murky waters of New York Harbor. But at last they drew up before a dark house in a dark and narrow street.

"It looks a little dubious," said Cora Lowry, fingering her pearls nervously.

"Well, they can't run openly, you know," Jack Morton assured her—"not with the stuff they get away with."

"If this were Paris, Cora," Tom Lowry said, "you wouldn't think anything of it."

"Oh, I know, but Paris seems so much safer than New York," Cora answered.

"Perhaps we'd better keep this taxi," Tom suggested. "There don't seem to be many of 'em around here."

So Jack told the taxi driver to wait. The taxi driver seemed slightly annoyed at this request, but relieved his feelings by spitting noisily into the street.

Then the five others followed Jack Morton up a short flight of steps, and Jack rang a bell. In the door before them a slide was mysteriously drawn aside, and two eyes peered at them suspiciously. "Watcher want?" was demanded of them.

"It's all right. I'm Jack Morton," Jack said briskly. "You know me."

There was a rattling of chains and the bolt, and the door was opened for them.

It was amazing to come out of the dark and narrow street into the blazing interior of Tony's. After they had passed through a hallway in which the men checked their hats and coats, they descended two or three shallow steps into a long room of oblong shape. Its walls were painted with views of the Bay of Naples and enchanted Capri. Against these walls ran a continuous cushioned seat, and before this were placed small tables and chairs. In the center of the room was a dance floor; on a platform at the far end an orchestra. And all sorts of people were there—a few, like Tom Lowry's party, in evening clothes but more in everyday attire.

The music was superb. The saxophone moaned, the drum was beaten madly, the violin wailed, and the moaning and the drumming and the wailing united to stir one's blood and twitch at one's feet. Kitty danced with Jack and was happy. "I want to do as you do; say what you say; go where you go—and I'll be happy," sang the dancing crowd. And Kitty, humming it, thought that if she were any happier she'd explode with happiness. Why was such acute happiness always a little painful?

Ellery Champ danced with Cora Lowry and, noticing what envious glances were thrown at her jewels, at her gown, told himself that she was an exceptionally handsome woman. And Cora sensed his new admiration. They got along surprisingly well.

Tom Lowry danced with Louise Champ and thought again how lucky Ellery was to have this sweet and agreeable little woman for a wife. Good old Ellery! He deserved something.

It had, indeed, turned out to be a nice party and a merry one. Even Cora, who had dreaded the very idea of the party, was willing to admit that it had turned out to be much nicer than she had thought possible.

Then something happened. In fact, something outrageous and unprecedented happened.

The music had temporarily stopped and the six of them were seated at the table eating some very special sort of spaghetti that the headwaiter had recommended to the impressive Mr. Lowry, when this outrageous something happened.

A group of four men who had been tucked away in a far corner suddenly rose from the table where they had been seated.

EACH of these men had a revolver in his hand. The four revolvers of the four men covered effectively the guests of Tony's, the musicians, the waiters and even the proud headwaiter.

"Now, ladies an' gents," said one man who stepped out in front of the other three, "don't no ladies scream or it might be bad for 'em. We jus' want what money an' joolry you got on you. My friend here'll collect it. Stand up, ladies an' gents, an' hold your hands over your head. That'll make it easier for all of us."

"It's only a stunt they're pulling," said Jack Morton. "It's only meant in fun."

Just then, however, a waiter made an abrupt dive for the entrance, and instantaneously a revolver barked. The waiter wasn't hit. The bullet simply broke one of the rose-colored wall lights, but the waiter stood as if frozen. Maybe it wasn't merely fun.

Tom Lowry, standing with his hands over his head, muttered, "Well, if this is their idea of a joke, they carry it pretty far." He felt ridiculous. It was incredible that a man of important affairs, a big and respected business man, should be standing there in an East Side dive, waiting for one of these ruffians to rob him of his money, his gold cigarette case, his watch, his single glowing pearl stud.

As for Cora—Cora whispered in a whimpering voice, "Tom, why don't you do something? I've got my pearls on."

Louise Champ was thinking, "Oh, why didn't I go home as I should have when I wanted to? This is Ellery's fault."

Kitty also had her hands over her head, but she was as close to Jack, her invincible Jack, as she could snuggle. And Jack had a sickly smile on his face. This was awful! And he'd got them into it.

No; evidently it wasn't a joke. It wasn't a joke to go in turn, to each of the guests, as one of the bandits was doing, insert the grim muzzle of a revolver in the ribs and then deftly extract everything of value that he could find.

Ellery Champ's face was white and twitching. He wasn't grinning. Not even a sickly grin.

When the gunman arrived at their table and unclasped Cora Lowry's necklace from her throat, and pulled a diamond pin from the front of her gown and stripped the rings from her fingers, Ellery's face became even whiter. When the gunman next took Tom's cigarette case from his waistcoat pocket and his wallet from the inside pocket of his coat, Ellery's face twitched the more. But when the ruffian laid hands on Louise's pitiful little engagement ring—the ring which although pitiful meant so much to her—something broke loose in Ellery. Absolutely broke loose. With an oath, and so quickly that no one could intercept him, he sprang forward and rocked the gunman with a stiff right uppercut.

At once hell broke loose. Just that—hell!

Shots rang out; someone switched out the lights. It was entirely dark, and the darkness was torn with women's screams and the bullish profanity of men. It was for a minute or two an inferno of confusion, of fright, of disaster. It was like the panic on the ship sinking in the night. It was like the terror following an explosion.

Then, presently, the lights were turned on again. The gunmen were gone. Tables had been overturned, and the floor was covered with broken glass and crockery and a mess of spilled food and liquids. A woman had fainted . . . and there on the floor, with his eyes closed, with his head bleeding from a blow from the butt end of a revolver, lay Ellery.

Cora Lowry looked at him, and then swung on her husband. "You damned coward!" she cried passionately. "He had the guts to do it, and you didn't. I've always hated you, and now I despise you!"

Tom Lowry pushed her aside. "Let's get a doctor," he said. "Where's the telephone?"

And Louise Champ, with a little moan, sank to her knees beside her husband. "Oh, my darling!" she said, "My dearest dear!" and then she turned to the others with a broken, stifled sobbing. "If he's dead," she said, "I want to be dead too."

Kitty had been the first to recover her composure. "She loves him," she said to Jack, to whom she was still clinging. "Isn't it wonderful! And I don't believe he's so badly hurt. Look! He's opened his eyes! Oh, Jack, I know I shouldn't say it, but I was never so *thrilled* in my life. And wasn't he magnificent, Jack? But you were too, dear. You were so *calm!*"

ELLERY CHAMP'S injury wasn't so serious. After Tom Lowry had secured a doctor and the doctor had dressed the cut, Tom also secured a limousine from somewhere to take Ellery and Louise back to Engleside.

And as they drove home Louise said to Ellery, who was resting in her arms, "It took that frightful thing to show us all to each other as we really are, didn't it, dear? Why, I wouldn't be married to Tom Lowry for anything! Not for anything! And how I'd hate to be that woman! It showed me something else too, Ellery. It showed me how much we really love each other, you and I. Sometimes we forget that—how much we really love each other. We forget and we row and we worry—about little things, unimportant things. But don't let's ever forget it again, Ellery, not really forget it"—and then quite solemnly and unexpectedly, she added, "Please God! Amen!"

Ellery Champ, who still felt slightly dizzy, moved closer into her arms. "Amen!" he echoed.

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HELPLESS? *-- not with a second stage of tuning*

HAVE YOU ever been invited to some great radio treat, either to dance or share the pleasure of a widely heralded concert, and then had your whole evening spoiled by poor reception? Your host does what he can; he tunes with everything his set affords—and probably feels more helpless than you do yourself.

That is the difference between an ordinary radio and an A-C DAYTON. For ordinary tuning it is simply a very high grade 2-dial set; but it holds something in reserve, a *Second Stage of Tuning* that gives you new and unique controls to use when ordinary tuning falls short.

No other radio can be so flexible, so cunningly adaptable to all conditions. It gives you new power, a finer way to tune your set, and consistent pleasure in listening to it.

Important A-C DAYTON Refinements:

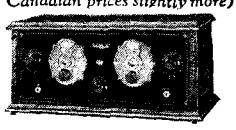
- Double Vernier Dial Control
- Air-Spaced Coils
- Double Reading Voltmeter
- Duophonic Reproduction
- Completely Shielded Coils
- Cushioned Tube Sockets
- Selectivity Control
- Compensator
- Fully Graduated Volume

Note: *There is only one right way to judge Radio. HEAR IT! We have arranged, through exclusive dealers, for you to make that test in your own way. Let us send full information and name of dealer authorized for test. Write direct to Dept. C-11*

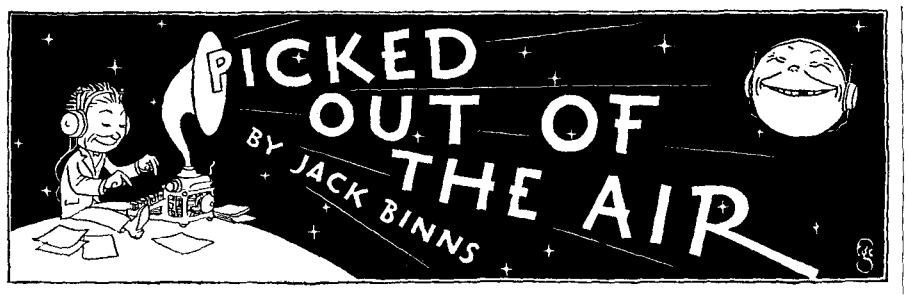
The A-C Electrical Mfg. Co. Dayton, Ohio
Makers of Electrical Devices for More Than 20 Years

A-C DAYTON RADIO

Below is illustrated the TYPE XL-25 STANDARD—with 2 Stages of Tuning, improved 5 tube circuit, 2-Dial Control and many refinements including Air-Spaced Coils. Price $70 (All Western and Canadian prices slightly more)



Six Models (5 and 6 Tube) *Priced from* $56 *to* $255



The Hot-Air Talker

OUT in Burlington, Ia., they have a red-hot talking stove. Just listen to this story related by E. F. Butler: "Mrs. Grace Bainter of this city lives in the same block with our local broadcasting station—WIAS. Recently her daughter Viola was ironing some clothes with an electric iron. On chancing to set the iron over an unlighted burner of a coal-oil stove, she heard the sound of voices emanating therefrom. She called her mother, brother and a friend of the family to hear the phenomenon, and all report the same thing.

"Mrs. Bainter wished to secure verification so went to the station and brought back the secretary of the Greater Burlington Association, who was delivering a roads talk that night. He attests the truth of the story. The group then experimented by removing the iron from the burner and reception ceased. When the iron was replaced the program resumed, and could be heard across the small kitchen."

"oh dear, maybe that recipe over the radio called for a cup of flour and a pinch of salt instead of a cup of salt and a pinch of flour!"

Does Yours Taste That Way?

I OFTEN wonder whether any of the diligent young matrons who religiously copy the recipes sent over the radio every day accidentally err in putting down the figures given for the various ingredients. Even a slight error in the concoction may cause very painful complications.

How About "Microbe"?

THE operators of KFI at Los Angeles, Cal., announce to the wide world that they are looking for a word which will adequately describe any person who entertains fans from a radio studio.

They have already coined the word "Receptionist" to denote a radio fan, and consequently desire a companion term to fit the individual at the other end of the cycle. We are informed that "'Microphonist,' 'Microphoner,' 'Microtician,' and even, facetiously, 'Radiator' have been suggested." What's your idea?

Look for the New Model

HENRY EICHHORN, composer of Oriental music, in an address over KOA, Denver, said: "Jazz music is a modern edition of rhythmic devices which were known to the Chinese more than 2,000 years ago." He then added our music is still passing through the experimental stage. If jazz is an experiment Heaven only knows what the finished product is going to be like.

Aha! Hollywood Does Sleep

HERE is a littler scenario from Luther Blake of San Francisco:

Scene: Studio of KFI, Los Angeles.

Time: The present.

Dramatis Personæ: Midnight Frolic, made up of Movie Stars.

Sighs of lamentation. Suddenly mournful voice reverberates through the ether with this plaint:

"It's three A. M., the usual hour at which ladies and gentlemen of Hollywood retire. We have sung our last song, and we want to go home—but we can't, because the elevator is stuck halfway down the shaft. Not knowing the habits of elevators or their fixers we are somewhat at a loss to know what to do or where to turn for assistance. Therefore, will some kind-hearted listener telephone to a fire department somewhere to come and get one hundred people down from the KFI roof?"

Some K. H. fan did, and they lived happy ever after.

"The Swine Song"

HOW rapidly civilization catches up with scientific achievement! A few years ago the abilities of our leading hog callers would have remained practically unknown except along the Corn-Belt. Now radio brings them to the attention of the wide world by broadcasting the Omaha hog-calling contest.

A Good Decision

THERE will be no international radio tests with Europe this year. Such is the ruling of the committee which had charge of the event during the three previous years. Probably no more discouraging or disappointing experiment was ever tried. It was subjecting radio to a test far beyond its capabilities, and tended to destroy public confidence in broadcasting because of the unearthly bedlam it let loose.

From an engineering point of view the ability to broadcast across the Atlantic involves primarily the use of sufficient power at the transmitting station.

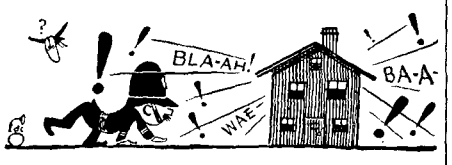
There are a great many other factors of vital importance, and they all tend to operate against success. Aside from all this, however, there was no useful knowledge that could possibly be acquired from the experiment.

The Galloping Blues

CAN'T you just picture the perplexity of the dear old lady who penned this plaintive missive to the directors of 2LO in London? "Will you please tell me how I can slow down the music for dancing. I have tried all the knobs, but it is no use."

Or Shadowgraphs

THERE'S quite a controversy raging in England over a name for radio movies. One correspondent doesn't like the word "Television," so suggests "Teleopsis" in its place. In view of the present state of the art, why not call them "Shakies"?



Yes! Let's Try It

WE MAY lead the world in radio development, and in broadcasting, but they are not so dumb in England. Over there the city of Reading has passed an ordinance imposing a penalty of five pounds on anyone annoying his neighbor by means of a loud speaker.

If that were in force over here the collections from my neighborhood alone would run the city government.

Prizes Waiting for You

DON'T forget that Collier's pays $10 for all helpful suggestions and interesting and unusual experiences in connection with radio which our readers send in and which we deem good enough to print.

Tell your stories in as few words as possible and send them to Jack Binns, in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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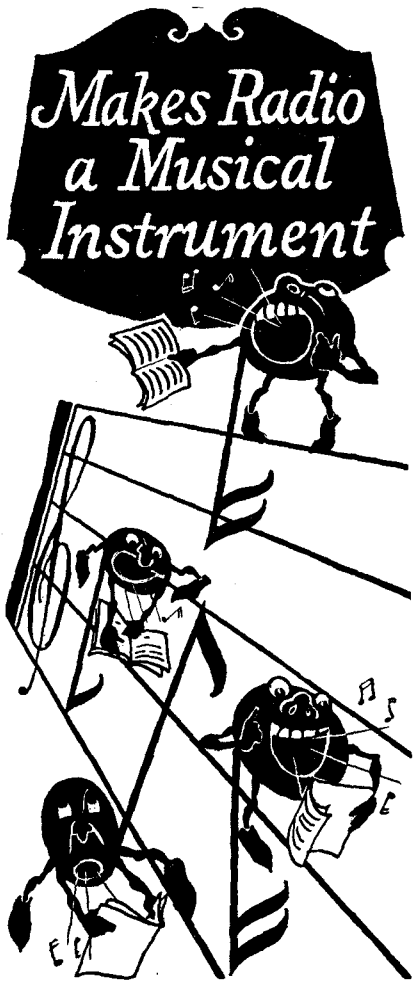
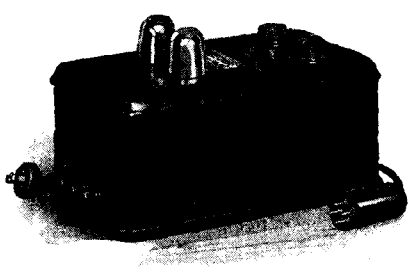


Deep resonant bass notes-vibrant high notes-All clear as a Bell

IF you like *music* you will want an Aero B Amplipower on your radio set. It brings out *every* note of every instrument as clear and full toned as the instrument itself. It makes any set a real *musical* instrument, reproducing the deep mellow bass notes that have heretofore been inaudible on practically all radio sets.

The Aero B Amplipower not only improves tonal quality and increases volume but *also* supplies *all* of the "B" current for the set. It is attached to any set in the same manner as "B" batteries,



with an adapter plug which is inserted in the tube socket of the last audio stage of the set, replacing this tube with the high voltage power tube in the Amplipower.

Aero B is also built as a "B" power unit without the high voltage power tube. Price $50.00 complete.

You won't know *music* on your radio set until you use the Amplipower—price $65.00 without tubes.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio

AERO B
Amplipower and "B" Power Units

What Fur?

Continued from page 8

woman makes her mistake in purchasing furs, but in ignorance about their names. Here, according to Captain Mallet, is where her good sense deserts her.

"There is much that the unscrupulous furrier can put over on the woman who will not use her brains when she is buying fur. New names crop up in the fur market continually and women swallow them without question. She speaks of getting a 'selenski' coat, let us say. I have just made up that name. There is no such animal as a selenski. It will probably be dyed rabbit or cat masquerading under a name that is meaningless but succeeds in fetching a good price because it sounds exotic.

The Baby Fakers

"WOMEN ask me how they can tell whether such and such an animal exists. My answer is: 'Open your dictionary. If the animal exists, you will find its name there.' Except for two furs, Hudson Bay sable and Hudson seal, the name of every pelt on the market, honestly sold, can be found in a good dictionary. Hudson Bay sable is the Canadian marten, first cousin to the Russian sable. Hudson seal is the muskrat, clipped and dyed to imitate the Alaska seal, which, by the way, is also dyed. Whenever these furs are sold by a reliable firm they are plainly marked with their trade name and real name.

"Many humble cousins of more expensive furs resemble their aristocratic relatives. Their names, however, should give their station. Nutria looks like beaver. The nutria is a real animal, living in South America, with habits like the beaver. When a woman buys a nutria coat she knows exactly what she is getting.

"Civet is first cousin to a skunk, but not as expensive. Summer ermine is the weasel caught below a certain latitude in America. His fur never turns white like the real ermine, which is caught in colder Asiatic regions. Up north, in the polar regions, the weasel turns white in the peak of winter. It is a matter of protective coloration. Summer ermine is a real name, however. It is the animal whose pelt always remains brown because its habitat does not demand the change of color.

"Right now there seems to be a vogue among some furriers to prefix the word 'baby' before all furs. They speak of 'baby' mink, 'baby' fox, 'baby' fisher, 'baby' ermine. This is all perfectly ridiculous and is nothing but an excuse for impressing the customer.

"Let this be clear. Every animal in the north is born in the spring. Every animal in the north is killed or trapped in the winter. An animal killed in the summer is valueless. Its fur is not developed, and it moults continually. A trapper worth his name won't touch an animal in the summer time. When a furrier speaks of 'baby' mink, he is being foolish. The pelt of a baby mink is worthless. Baby furs are practically non-existent. Occasionally a furrier may get pelts from animals which for one reason or another are dwarfed. Silver foxes, for instance, are bred on farms. Sometimes some of the litters run smaller than normal. Domestication may do that. But the smaller pelt is a full-grown fox, as old as his larger brother."

Captain Mallet here brought out the fact that there are two animals whose pelts *are* used in infancy, the broadtail and the caracul. The first is a sheep, the second a goat. Both are natives of Asia. They are raised in herds. The fur of both animals is valuable only for a three or four month period. After the sheep or goat passes the fourth-month mark its fur changes to long, shaggy hair and the animal is valuable only for reproductive purposes.

"The fur of the lamb is divided into three periods," said Captain Mallet. "When the lamb is between one day and three weeks old it is called broadtail. The second stage is the broadtail Persian. the lamb then being three weeks to six weeks old. The third stage is the real Persian; age, six weeks to four months. The same classification holds for the kid of the caracul."

"Furs," continued Captain Mallet, taking a more peaceful phase of the subject, "have tremendously gone up in price in the last ten years. One reason lies in the greater demand.

"Take, for example, raccoon coats," he said. "To-day every college boy thinks his life has been a dismal failure unless he possesses one. Fifteen years ago the best raccoon coat could be bought for one hundred dollars. To-day the same coat costs eight hundred dollars."

The increase in the cost of labor is a second reason. Furriers to-day work a forty-hour week and earn large salaries. The trappers and traders have increased their prices to the dealers because of the increase in the cost of living, the cost of trapping material and the rise of their standards of living.

"All this must necessarily be paid for in the final market. A mink coat that cost $2,000 several years ago brings $4,000 to-day. The same difference in price is found in practically all good furs.

"How can a purchaser tell whether fur is worth the price asked for it and how can fur be kept in good condition by its owner?" Captain Mallet was asked.

"The only real protection a buyer of a fur garment has is to go to a responsible firm.

"Pelts must be well matched in color. The depth must be equal and good. The dye must be good. Many furs, by the way, are dyed. Dyeing is not injurious if properly done. There are several fur-dyeing centers in the world. Revillon Frères have their furs dyed in Leipzig because they believe that the Germans there have retained their old chemical skill and secrets.

"Whether furs will wear or last long if bought from a responsible firm depends greatly upon the owner. I have seen mink coats ten years old that were in excellent condition. I have seen mink coats, equally fine when sold, that looked worn and old after two years.

Rules to Go By

THERE are several definite rules the owner of a fur garment can follow to insure the health and longevity of fur.

"1. Furs should be worn as little as possible in the sun. Sunlight bleaches fur.

"2. Furs should not be taken out in rain or snow unless they be sports fur, which is coarser and more hardy. The hairs become clotted and matted, and if the moisture reaches the hide or leather it spells death for the fur.

"3. Never put a fur wrap in a hot place; never hang it near a radiator to dry; never put it in a closet heated by a radiator. The heat dries the natural oils in the leather, which becomes hard and brittle in quality. When the leather goes the fur is useless.

"4. Furs should be put in cold storage during the summer months to keep moths away from them. Many women pack their furs in camphor, and the harm from moths that is prevented is equalized by the harm done by the camphor, which reddens and discolors fur.

"5. Furs should be hung when not in use, in winter as well as in summer. Women should send their furs to reliable cold storage houses and ask to see them actually hung. Too often women think they are saving money by giving their furs to anyone who will store them for less money than the storage plant will charge. This is disastrous economy.

"To conserve storage space, many firms pack several garments into one trunk and put the trunk into cold storage. Naturally the garments suffer from the crowding. Furs need air; they die for lack of it. The close packing also injures the leather by keeping it for months in the folds and creases in which it is packed away."

Who is the GOOD SPORT *in your family?*

IN his recent story, "The Wife Who Wouldn't Play," Lucian Cary showed how one married couple settled the "good sport" question. Collier's asked its readers for letters about their experiences. *Hundreds* of letters came in. This one, by George Hiller, was given the first award—$25.

My wife is the good sport in our family, for while I flounder perplexed and often bewildered in the labyrinths of life her penetrative and often sympathetic imagination contributes new thoughts that always seem to point the way to better endeavor and a bigger bank roll.

She is no tongue heroine, no fine virtue prattler, and she speaks from her soul, as well as from her lungs, and I can take it or leave it.

My one cause for regret is that I did not earlier realize that she not only handled our funds, our sorrows and our joys better than I could, but that she knew me from the inside out and the outside in.

Like most men, when I wanted first principles I used to look within myself for them, and when I wished to feel in the presence of a real wise guy I would keep by myself, but believe me the little lady has proven to me that this is a silly waste of effort and time.

We have our house, four kids, two cars, 3,700 chickens and 42 dogs, and yet she insists upon the movies once a week, the theatre every other Saturday and a subscription to nigger-heaven seats at the Metropolitan Opera House each winter, with a few bridge parties, teas and dinners on the side, so put me down as being fairly busy and very happy.

GEORGE HILLER,
372 West 120th Street,
New York City.

The second letter in order of merit was written by L. J. White, 110 West Broadway, Glendale, Cal.; the third by U. P. Haw, Benton, Scott County, Mo.

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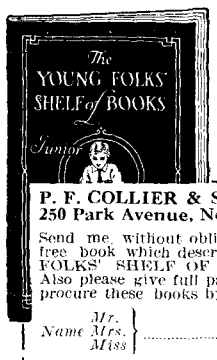

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(*The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.*) 4534-JCO-L

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 30

home to get a bit of breakfast. He's been out all night."

Gerry looked puzzled.

"But hasn't the district attorney been here yet?"

"We don't have him in this country," said the stranger, and smiled. "But the superintendent and the police surgeon from Vanner have been and gone. The superintendent will be back with the photographer as soon as it's light enough to take pictures. They're going to move the dead man back to where he was found when the tide's back enough. They'll want you to help them there, I shouldn't wonder."

He paused and, taking his pipe from his mouth, thoughtfully contemplated the bowl. Then he said inquiringly: "His head and trunk would have been higher than his legs, I suppose, when you came across him?"

"Yes. His feet were pointing down the beach."

"Face downward, eh?"

"Not his face," Gerry corrected. "His face was turned to one side. But his chest was resting on the ground."

The man in the tweed cap sucked his pipe reflectively.

"Can I go along and look at him now?" Gerry asked.

"If you like. He's not a pretty sight."

They scrambled over the rocks together. A merciful hand had flung a tarpaulin over the body, but it had been rolled down to the waist, and the face was uncovered. Despite the terrible injuries to the features, the dead man looked more human now as he lay with his sightless gaze turned upward to the gray sky of morning and his hands decently arranged along his sides.

"Say," murmured Gerry in an awed voice, "did the rocks do *that* to him? How did he manage to get into the water, anyway? What do the police say?"

The man in the tweed cap looked hard at him. "Have you ever seen a drowned man before?" he demanded.

"Never," rejoined Gerry.

"I thought not. Just put your hand on his coat. Here, on the lapel. He won't bite you."

Gerry obeyed.

"Just damp, isn't it? That's sea moisture. The front of the jacket's not sopping with sea water like his trousers, is it? Don't you know what that means? The upper part of his body was never in the sea. High water only reached his legs. If they'd left him where he lay till the tide was full, they'd have seen that for themselves. . . ."

"But the back of his coat was soaked."

"Rain. It poured from noon until tea time yesterday afternoon, didn't it? The rain didn't start till long after breakfast. And Friday night was fine, wasn't it?"

"It was when I went to bed," said Gerry eagerly.

"THERE wasn't a drop all night, Jem Belper tells me," declared the other with emphasis. "What follows? That when that body came to the ground on that patch of sand between those two rocks down there the weather was fine. The proof is that the front of the coat and the waistcoat beneath it, which rested on the sand and were shielded by the trunk, are dry by comparison with the back. That gives us the time approximately, don't it?"

"You mean that the body must have been there *before* the rain started after breakfast on Saturday?" said Gerry.

"I certainly do. Although it looked mighty threatening all yesterday evening, the last rain we had stopped at five o'clock in the afternoon. What time exactly was it when you found the body?"

"About ten o'clock, or a little after," Gerry replied.

The man in the tweed cap nodded.

"It all fits in. The police surgeon, who was here an hour or two back, said that the man had then been dead for more than twenty-four hours. That would give the time of his death somewhere late on Friday night or early on Saturday morning. Belper tells me that Stanismore was alive and well in London on Friday morning and spoke of coming down to Portsmouth in the afternoon. Humph. . . ."

"But how did he die if he wasn't drowned?" demanded Gerry.

"*Drowned?*" The stranger repeated in a loud voice. "The wave that drowned *him* had a damned big stick in its hand, that's all I can say! Look at the forehead above the left eye! Why, the front of his head is knocked in, pretty near!"

In blank astonishment Gerry whistled. "You mean . . . you mean he was murdered?"

"I do," was the firm reply, "and the police surgeon says so too, by what I hear from Belper!"

The memory of the sea door locked against them, of that rusty catch battered down, flashed into Gerry Leese's mind. For a moment he debated whether he should confide the result of his investigations to his very cocksure acquaintance. He checked the impulse, however, and asked instead:

"Are you from the district attorney's office, or whatever you call it in this country?"

The stranger's eyes twinkled.

"Something like that," he said. He laid a finger knowingly along his nose.

"But I'm here unofficially, strictly unofficially, you understand!"

WHEN Alix Barleston told her husband that she was not afraid of Superintendent Nolling, it was no vain boast. The police officer was a familiar personage to the household at Node. His squarish, shortish figure, in the smart black uniform and silver-laced cap, was to be seen on all public occasions in the neighborhood, and he always attended the church bazaars and other charity fêtes which, during the summer months, were held in the grounds of Node House.

The superintendent took command of the situation at Node with an apologetic air which amazed the young American, Gerry Leese, accustomed to the more brusque vigor of police methods at home. Frankie Barleston had informed the superintendent of Stanismore's intention, announced at their meeting in London on Friday morning, of visiting Portsmouth on the Friday afternoon, and when Gerry came up from the beach to breakfast he discovered the police officer in the hall laboriously transcribing the deposition, from the major's dictation, in a fat notebook. Sir Harry was looking on.

"Ah, there you are, Leese," said Sir Harry as Gerry appeared. "This is the gentleman who found the body," he explained to the superintendent by way of introduction.

"One thing at a time, if you please, sir," rejoined the officer. "I'll finish first with the major, if you don't mind. . . ." He turned again to Barleston.

"They've located the Anthea, Stanismore's yacht," Sir Harry informed Gerry in an aside. "She's moored off Chine Bay pier. Stanismore arrived in her on Friday evening. He went ashore about half past ten or eleven. He keeps a single hand on board, a man called Newcome, and this fellow's missing. Nolling thinks it is significant. . . ."

"What's that, Uncle Harry?"

Alix Barleston stood beside them. She had descended the stairs unnoticed. She was wearing a white crêpe frock, and she had thrust a crimson rose in her belt. The superintendent looked up from his notebook with a deferential smile.

"Good morning to you, Mrs. Barleston," he said brightly.

"Good morning, Superintendent," she returned his greeting. "What's this Sir Harry is saying about Mr. Stanismore's yacht hand being missing?"

Mr. Nolling assumed an important air.

"Well, ma'am, we're following the matter up. It 'pears as how, about nine-thirty on Friday night, this chap, Newcome—I know him, and a rare rough customer he is—came ashore in the An-

(*Continued on page 44*)

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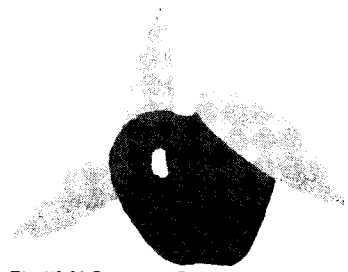

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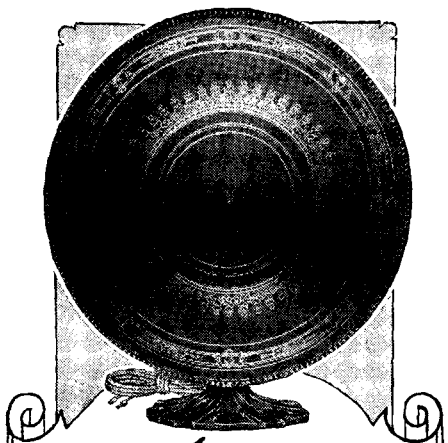

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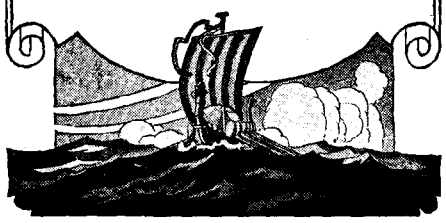

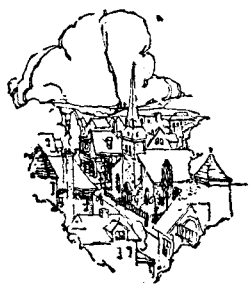

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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 43

thea's dinghy with his kit bag under his arm. A boatman on the shipway—chap by name of Simpson—spoke to him, but got no answer. Thinks Newcome was in liquor. I dare say he was. He's been in trouble before over his drinking ways. He went off into the town and he's not been seen since. . . ."

Alix Barleston, her lips slightly parted, had been listening eagerly.

"But surely you don't think that this man—" she began. Her gaze strayed toward her husband. But Frankie, who was twirling his eyeglass on the end of its string, avoided her eye.

"What I think or what I don't think ain't evidence, ma'am," Nolling observed placidly with his strong Wight burr. "I may have my suspicions, and then again I mayn't. But I do know that on Friday night this Newcome chap lands with his ditty bag at half past nine and never comes back, and that an hour later, being alone on the yacht, this here Mr. Stanismore hails Simpson and has himself put ashore. He gives Simpson a bob and walks off in the direction of Node. He never told Simpson nothing about going calling at Node. Did he tell Newcome? Eleven o'clock, which would be about the hour Stanismore would have reached the spot where he was found if he went by the sands, strikes me as a funny sort o' time to go a-calling. But was he going a-calling? I don't know and, from what Sir Harry has kindly told me, none of you ladies and gentlemen know either. And therefore, until we've laid hands on this here Newcome, I reserve my judgment. . . ."

He folded his arms across his chest and looked with a challenging air round the hall.

"The thing's a mystery to us all," averred Sir Harry. "To think of that poor fellow being done to death at our very doors! The body must have lain hidden among the rocks all Saturday. I don't know when it would have been discovered if Leese hadn't stumbled upon it when he went round to climb over the wall. By the way, that reminds me. . . ."

HE GLANCED round the circle of his guests. Vrogue and Freckles had come in from breakfast, and at this moment Dene appeared from the direction of the dining-room. His eyes at once sought out Alix, who stood by the table, twisting her handkerchief through her fingers. She would not meet his gaze.

"That reminds me," Sir Harry was saying. "Did anybody fasten the catch on the inside of the sea door on Saturday?"

Each looked at the other with the sort of inquiring glance which people in a group exchange when a general question is put to them. There was a murmur of noes in different keys. Now the superintendent intervened.

"I attach no importance to the point, sir. It's Friday night, not Saturday, we're concerned with. There was naught amiss with the lock Friday night, for the major let himself in with his key. . . ." He broke off and fluttered the leaves of his notebook. "What time was it again, Major?"

"Just before ten," said Barleston. "When I arrived back from town. . . ."

Alix, who was watching Ronnie Dene, saw a perplexed furrow suddenly appear between his eyes. She stole a glance at Frankie. His face was impassive.

The superintendent turned to Gerry.

"I'll get your statement about the discovery of the body down in black and white, sir, if you don't mind," he remarked. "How was the name again?"

While Nolling wrote down Gerry's deposition, word for word, in longhand, Alix made a sign to her husband and went out and stood under the porch.

"Frankie," she exclaimed desperately when he had joined her, "I can't go on with it. . . ."

"For God's sake, hush!" he implored. "Someone will hear you."

"We can't stand by and let them arrest this wretched man. That was no part of our bargain, Frankie. . . ."

"They haven't found him yet. And if they do they can prove nothing. Listen to me, Alix: you've got to take a grip on yourself. You're losing your nerve. . . ."

He broke off abruptly. Freckles stepped into the porch.

"Isn't old Nolling a scream?" she said. "Gerry's getting most frightfully ratty. The old idiot makes him say everything at least four times over. I say, Frankie" —she lowered her voice—"have the police found out how the murder was done? I mean what weapon the murderer used?"

Frankie screwed his glass into his eye.

"The surgeon said something about a blunt instrument," he answered after a pause. "But that's what they always say! What do you want to know for?"

"Because I'm thrilled by it all. Have they found the weapon?"

"Not that I know of," retorted Frankie, turning away.

"Freckles, don't be so morbid!" said Alix. Then Vrogue called them back into the hall.

"I was asking Sir Harry whether anything unusual was seen or heard on Friday night," Nolling remarked as they reappeared.

"I've explained to the superintendent that on Friday night we broke up early," said Sir Harry. "My wife and I, with Leese here and you, Freckles, went upstairs together at half past ten. You, Vrogue, were in the library. . . ."

"As a matter of fact, I went to my room before you did," Vrogue put in. "Don't you remember I said good night to you across the corridor when you came up?"

"Why, yes, of course. Well, then, that accounts for you. You were in your room too, Frankie, as you came back at ten. At that time Alix was already upstairs, and you, Dene, you went off early as well. About ten o'clock, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Dene agreed shortly.

"Then you were all in your rooms before Mr. Stanismore could have reached Node beach?" suggested Nolling.

"Undoubtedly," replied Sir Harry, making himself the spokesman of his guests.

"And no cry, or anything of the kind, was heard?"

The momentary silence appeared to imply a negative answer to the question.

"Did everybody go straight to bed?" asked the police officer.

"I did for one," replied Sir Harry. "And so did my wife. We keep early hours at Node, Nolling. Not much excitement here in the evenings. What about you, Leese?"

"I did too," said Gerry. "Freckles and I had to make an early start next morning."

"I turned in early as well," Frankie put in, "the very instant I got back, and found that Alix had beaten me by a short head."

"I expect Vrogue was the last, as usual, to put out his light," remarked Sir Harry.

"Nothing of the sort," Vrogue retorted. "He"—he pointed at Dene—"was later than I."

"What time did you get into bed, sir?" Nolling said to Dene.

"I don't quite know. Latish, in any case. When I got upstairs I changed into pajamas and sat for a bit smoking and looking at the sea."

"At what hour did you put out your light?"

FOR the fraction of a second the young man hesitated. He did not look at Alix, but he felt her eyes on his face.

"I'm not absolutely sure," he answered evenly. "Soon after midnight, I should say."

"You were the last up, then. You sleep on the sea side of the house, I think Sir Harry said? You heard no sound from the beach?"

"Nothing. But the beach is a long way from the house, you know."

Nolling was making a lengthy entry in his book. "That's so," he agreed, busy with his writing. When at last he had finished he closed his book with a snap. He turned to Gerry.

"I'm going to ask you to have the kindness," he said, "to come down with me to the beach. The photographer's outside, and I want your help in arranging the body as it was found."

Gerry made a face at Freckles behind Mr. Nolling's back. But rather to the boy's surprise, she did not smile. She was gazing at Ronnie Dene, her smooth young forehead wrinkled in a perplexed and anxious frown.

The news of the murder had spread over the island. It had flashed across the water to the mainland and burst like a shell upon the calm of a dull Fleet Street Sunday. The local reporters were, of course, the first on the scene and were disposed of without difficulty by Mr. Nolling on the feudal principles on which the newspaper affairs of the Isle of Wight are conducted. But in the early afternoon a deluge of pertinacious investigators descended upon Node. These were the newspaper men from London, polite but persistent individuals with post-office telegraph forms protruding from their breast pockets. Their assaults on the front door infuriated Cantle, who, like so many newspaper readers, strongly objected to the publicity that dealt with his own instead of other people's affairs.

"A lot o' dratted, prying busybodies," he would mutter as he stalked, with all becoming deliberation, through the hall, "poking their noses in where

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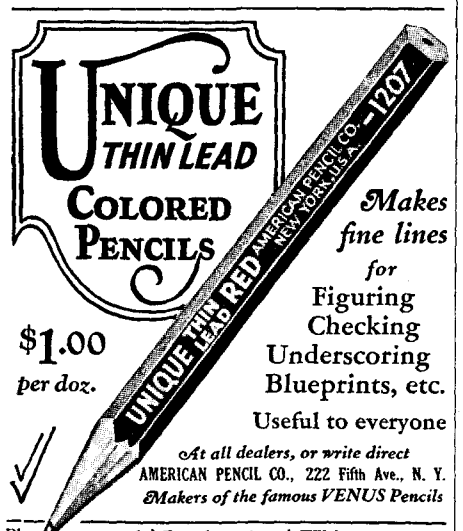

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they're not wanted." He would open the door and blink idiotically at the keen, determined faces of the news seekers outside. "No," he would snap importantly, handing back a card, "we don't know anything about it. The perlice at Vanner is in possession of the particklers. The sooperintendent left here this *h*ower gone."

He was particularly incensed against a certain Mr. Bryan Blake, who gained access to the house by what the butler designated as a low trick. A black-haired, merry-eyed young man, extremely well-dressed, he arrived alone in a two-seater. He asked for Mr. Vrogue, and the card he presented bore the name of a club of such impeccable respectability that Cantle admitted him.

But Vrogue, who was in the library, flatly refused to receive the caller. He terrified Cantle by flying into a most violent passion.

"What's it got to do with me?" he roared, his mouth awry. "Send him packing, d'you hear? I won't see him or anybody else from the press. Tell him to go to . . ."

Cantle closed the library door, precipitately. The young man accepted his dismissal with calm. "Won't see me, eh?" was his only remark. And he walked out jauntily to his car.

The confusion in the house filled Alix's mind with fresh dread. The stream of callers, the perpetual pealing of the telephone, the clatter of the cars hired by the reporters, churning up the dust of the drive, all these clamorous seekers after the truth which she had undertaken to obscure, appalled her. Nolling's dark hints about the missing yacht hand drove her nearly frantic with anxiety. This was a possibility she had never contemplated. What had become of the man? And why did he remain away? It certainly made things look black for him. Then doubt would surge up in her mind once more. Had Frankie, after all, deceived her? What if he had assumed responsibility for this crime merely to gain access to her room and frustrate her resolve to divorce him?

At five o'clock Nolling, who had gone away for lunch, returned. The house party was at tea in the drawing-room. The superintendent was brought in. Alix saw at once by his manner that he had some news.

"A gentleman whose ketch is moored handy to the Anthea," he announced importantly, "has been to me with a statement. 'Pears as how Stanismore and this man of his, Newcome, had words Friday night. Witness heard Stanismore accuse the man of being drunk and bid him collect his traps and clear out. . . ."

Dene nudged Barleston. "D'you think Alix ought to hear all this?" he said in an undertone. "She's looking awfully white. Hadn't you better take her away?"

But Alix, who had caught the purport of the suggestion, shook her head.

"Late on Friday night," Nolling continued, "the prisoner—"

"The prisoner?" echoed Alix blankly. "Has this man been arrested, then?"

"Detained for inquiries, ma'am. The police found him in a house in Beach Street this afternoon. He was heard to use threats against the deceased in the Anchor Friday night." He paused and looked fixedly at Gerry, who realized that Cantle had betrayed him. "We don't lose much time in the island, sir. . . ."

He puffed out his cheeks, and under the smart black braiding of his jacket his chest seemed to swell. . . .

BUT alas! Superintendent Nolling's crowded hour of glorious life was almost run.

At the inquest next day, after Mr. Cuthbert Stoale, Stanismore's private secretary, had given evidence of identification, the men of the Node House party were surprised to see a large, red-faced man rise up in the body of the court. He passed over a telegram to the coroner.

"I see by this," said the coroner, looking over the top of his glasses, "that the commissioner of police at Scotland Yard has intrusted you with the investigation. You're Inspector Manderton, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I am not prepared to offer any evidence now, and I ask for an eight days' adjournment."

Gerry Leese gasped. From where he sat, between Sir Harry and Vrogue, he could not see the speaker's face, but he recognized the loud, confident voice, the burly back.

It was the man in the tweed cap.

(*To be continued next week*)

They Call It Love

Continued from page 7

foot directly into the studio, clucking to the rest of her brood to come along and make its bows to Mr. Reseda.

Fay knew this great man already, of course, but only by sight, as a presence which the office rated formidable, Reseda being pledged to the faith that crusty speech plus a fixed scowl form the proper habit for a man of heavy affairs. Viewed at this more intimate range, he discovered a personality much less forbidding: his swart homeliness was compensated by the grin of a fun-loving gamin, while his manner had an almost Continental tang—Manny Reseda was reputed to have been born in Lisbon and never known to gainsay this legend.

"Miss Lascelles?" He retained Fay's hand as one privileged. "Very happy to have you with us. Mrs. Neale's been telling me lots of nice things about you. After five o'clock we can afford to forget the office, thank God, and be friends. Maybe after a while you'll give me a little dance, eh?"

FAY said, in a confusion she couldn't mend, she would be glad to. Their relation of employer and employee had nothing to do with this confusion, but something too penetrating in the probe of greedy small eyes. Releasing her fingers, she backed off in a flurry that resulted in light collision with a stranger whose luck it was to be standing behind her, and before she could finish the apology this called for the girl found herself acknowledging his presentation, an office which Hattie Neale chose to perform in a hasty high gabble that made hash of his name.

He was personable, however, and had an interesting dark smile plus a high-handed way which Fay thought amusing; for, whereas she had been determined to lose no more time about having it out with Mr. Gerould, this new acquaintance made nothing of her demurs and, precisely as though she had consented, took her out to the floor. She caught one glimpse of Lona Schell at pause in the doorway, looking pretty to death and a bit lost. Then an effortless reverse carried Fay in a swirl to the far side of the room and left her to call herself blessed who had found at this first cast a partner worthy of her mettle.

"I'm glad you're here;" he spoke his own gratification in a voice that made her think of Mr. Reseda's, because it was indefinably not Anglo-Saxon. "I hope this happens often, Miss Lascelles." Fay said she hoped so too. "No reason why it shouldn't, then—that is, if you like New York well enough to settle down and help make it fit to live in."

"How did you know I was new to New York? What you really mean is, I suppose, you think I'm countrified."

"Bless your heart, no—not any more than I am, anyway. I haven't been a New Yorker many months myself. Chicago's my home—or was. Manny Reseda and I are old cronies."

"Do you like the East better?"

"I'm happier here. How about you?"

"I don't know yet; it's all too new and strange. But I expect I shall get to like it well enough once I learn the ins and outs."

(*Continued on page 46*)

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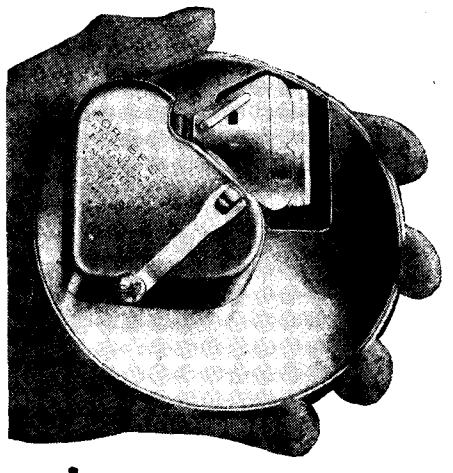

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They Call It Love

Continued from page 45

"That needn't take long. Manny Reseda's a good guide." Fay gave a blank look into that illegible dark face. "It's Manny's hobby to show pretty young ladies the ins and outs."

"But what makes you think—?"

"I know when the old boy's hard hit, all right."

"Oh! But I'm sure. . . . Why, it's impossible, he's too old. . . ."

"Not much older than I am."

"You're different."

"That's encouraging. Or are you only leading me on?"

"That's for you to find out," the girl had the cheek to reply—"if you think it's worth the risk."

"There is a risk?"

"Isn't there always when you make eyes at a girl you don't know anything about?"

"Well, if things threaten to grow serious any time, I suppose I can get at the truth about you by writing to the authorities of Roanoke County."

The music ran out then, and Fay dropped back to study in pretty petulance this stranger who knew so much. He stood up like a man under scrutiny, but wagged his head when he had had enough of it.

"You don't know me yet?"

Another voice cut in: "You're not forgetting, I trust, Miss Lascelles, you promised me this dance?" The matchless perseverance of Mr. Gerould had fetched him, bowing, to her elbow. And Lona Schell, by every sign hugely diverted, was with him. They must have met through Mr. Reseda and elected to finish this dance together. Fay weathered another minor flurry to find herself with surprising aplomb effecting introductions all round while at a loss for her late partner's name.

"Lander," he supplied with entire good nature. "You must have heard Beau speak of me. . . ."

"Oh, my gracious! Of course! Mr. Lander. . . ."

SOMEHOW that impossible plight untwisted itself without another blunder of her committal: the band struck up again, Mr. Lander with no apparent discontentment led Miss Schell out, and Mr. Gerould with unblemished effrontery stood by.

"Well, what about it? Do we dance? Or do you want to take me off into a corner and give me the good talking to I richly deserve?"

"I don't think I could dance again just yet—I'm too rattled."

"Fair enough. I don't mind waiting for my scolding so long as it's with you, Fay Lascelles."

There was the inglenook at hand with empty seats. Fay limply sat down and blinked, woebegone, at the lively log blaze.

"Oh, dear! Why couldn't Hattie Neale have spoken his name distinctly?"

"Whose? Lander's? Is he somebody?"

"I should say so! He's Beau's employer. And to think I actually danced with him and never knew him! And to make matters worse, flirted with him!"

"I wouldn't take it so hard—it was practice. Besides, if you ask me, he was bearing up fine."

"Why," the girl chattered on, unheeding—"if it hadn't been for him, in a way, I wouldn't be here. And he must have been laughing at me all the time!"

"That's different." Mr. Gerould lowered on Mr. Lander and Miss Schell, who were about to complete their first round of the floor. "What d'you say? Like me to put out a foot and trip the beggar up?"

The insanity of that was tonic. After all, her solecism had been nothing more atrocious than failure to catch the name of the other party to an introduction. Mr. Lander ought to be grateful, really, who owed to Fay the privilege of meeting Lona Schell. Those two seemed to be getting along famously. The lovely lady threw a smile in passing over Lander's shoulder, and there was a shine in her eyes that somehow made Fay remember the shine of her own as viewed not so very long ago in that mirror upstairs.

And there was still the urgent case of Mr. Gerould to be dealt with. But that upstart, when she covered him with the severest countenance she could muster, openly declined to honor it with any proper guise of guilt. Neither was it easy to deny the weight of unemphasized good manners, a look of physical fitness, and—not least—the highly civilized humor that dwelt in steel-blue eyes.

"Oh, dear! What am I going to do about you?"

"Dunno, I'm sure," the unblushing creature returned. "What about making the best of me? Might be worth the try. I've got a notion a little common kindness and encouragement on my merits, if and when any, might make a man of me."

"Please! Don't you know what a fix you've put me in? I'm responsible for you here. . . ."

"Afraid I'll bag the spoons, or something?"

"Don't be silly. What if Mr. Reseda, or somebody, should insist on my accounting for you?"

"Might try telling 'em the truth. That would put the laugh on me, and I wouldn't mind, because the most they could do would be to throw me out on my ear, and then you'd feel sorry for me."

"I wish you wouldn't try to put me off, making fun of everything. I don't know these people very well."

"Don't you?" Gerould seemed bent on being sunny about it. "Well, that's nothing to have a good cry over. That what you meant when you said you wouldn't be here except for this Lander person?"

"Not exactly." Now, far from getting any forwarder in her efforts to cope with this embarrassment, she had, it seemed, let herself in to account for Fay Lascelles to him: "I meant by that, Mr. Lander gave Beau a letter to Mr. Armitage—the little man over there with the eyeglass, he's the editor of Modes and Manners—and that got me my job. You see, I draw a little, so I'm doing fashion sketches, a page each month, under Mrs. Neale's direction. She's the fashion editor. So she invited me to Mr. Reseda's party. He owns the magazine and half a dozen others."

"Then it wasn't your fault," Mr. Gerould commented, and almost as though he meant it. "But is that any reason why you need tell on me?"

"But don't you see? . . . Oh, dear, *why* did you do this?"

"If you take more than one guess, I'll be disappointed in you."

"That's all very well. But don't you think the joke's gone far enough? You might be nice and go away?"

"And leave you all alone with this lot? No fear. No. Your only way to get rid of me is have me thrown out as aforesaid, and then your kind heart will make you come and sit beside my bed of pain and hold my hand and tell me stories and what not. I must say you're in a wicked dilemma, poor dear: no matter what you do or don't about me, you lose and I win."

"How do you win?" Fay laughed in spite of herself.

"I accomplish my fell intent, whatever happens: the same being to see more of you. Lots more."

"Must you? Why?"

"Only time can tell. *I* think it's a sure-enough case of love at first sight. It must be that," the man mused; "it can't be the cocktails they served at dinner."

"Oh!" the girl sniffed, congealing. "That's your excuse, is it?"

"You're wrong," Mr. Gerould insisted: "They were served but not taken by this child. I'm in training, same thing as padlocked. So you see—"

"I SEE it's no good hoping to get a sensible word out of you!"

"Dare say you're right. Too enchanted to be sensible."

"I just don't know," Fay sighed, "what to do about you, so I expect it's just as well to do nothing. But I wish you'd tell me one thing: Who are you? Mrs. Neale, since she's found out your right name, seems to think you're like Mr. Lander, somebody."

"Not guilty. I'm just, as I told you in the first place, Me. Rather a waster, I shouldn't wonder, but big-hearted and kind to my folks."

"Then why did Hattie say everybody in New York called you Don Gerould?"

"The poor lady's delirious. What she means is, I expect, I play a fairly useful game of squash, and that gets my name in the papers whenever some really good player takes my measure. No other title to fame, fair or ill, I assure you."

"Well!"

The girl rested on a shrug of helplessness, but rested dimly smiling. She knew it was the wrong thing to do, to let the man trespass on the hospitality of Mr. Reseda in this brazen fashion, and knew equally well no harm would come of it—he wasn't the sort to presume beyond bounds. And the escapade forfeited none of its piquancy because she felt so satisfied it wasn't dangerous.

And all at once Fay was aware to her very core of the insidious, alluring pulse of the waltz and the life that was flowing by on its surge. Everybody, she knew without needing to look, was dancing, everybody but Don Gerould and herself.

"It can't be helped," she gave in, and jumped up. "I'll simply have to bear with you as though you were mumps or any other common nuisance.

The modern young woman does a little bargain hunting

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But that's no reason why you shouldn't ask me to dance, is it?—Mr. Joel Donald Gerould!"

Too soon a change Fay couldn't be blind to came over the spirit of the gathering. Better to leave off now, before its ebbing sparkle could possibly betray the grin of pinchbeck.

"Please, Mr. Reseda!"

THE great man, his impatience taking on a shade more of personal indulgence, fumbled for his watch and, barely glancing at it, grumbled: "Half past twelve. Night's young yet. You quit making it self-conscious."

Fay, however, had been too quick of eye for him. "Half past two, you mean!" She was unaffectedly conscience-stricken. "I must go, really. . . ."

"Take that bad thought off my party; it's only just got going."

"I know, I've noticed. That's one reason why I must be."

Manny Reseda preferred to see neither the point nor the smile that begged to blunt its sharpness. That labored urbanity of his was wearing thin, thin

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as a leafy screen through which some sylvan elemental peers.

"Nonsensh," he said with a thickness which grew less pronounced as he proceeded: "'Fyou don't show up at the shop to-morrow, nobody't matters 'll be on hand to know it. Anyway, Hattie Neale won't, I make you the promise; and she's the only one you've got to mind."

"No, she isn't. We haven't been living up North here very long, and this is my first time out alone so late—I don't want Mother to worry."

"Leave it to me, little girl, I'll square you up with Mother. What say if I call with a car to-morrow afternoon and take you both out riding?"

"I'm sure she'd adore it," Fay professed, who knew nothing could induce her mother to tolerate Manny Reseda for ten minutes on end—"if she's feeling well enough. You might call me up about noon and find out—if you don't forget—"

"Just because you've seen me put a few stingy drinks away, you say that to my bald face. You don't know Manny Reseda."

The music resumed, but this time Fay found the courage to refuse the embrace of the dance which her host was so ingenuously looking forward to. "Please, Mr. Reseda—I mean it. I've had such a good time—please don't make me go away feeling you think me ungrateful."

"All right, all right." Reseda became all at once too complaisant. "If you feel like that about it, my car's downstairs, I mean one of Carl Lander's —I always use his like they was my own when I come on to New York—"

"Oh, but I couldn't think of letting you put yourself out. . . . Besides, Mrs. Neale promised—"

"Don't kid yourself: Hattie's having too good a time to think of kicking out this early. Maybe you haven't noticed how the old girl's been lapping it up."

The lamentable truth was that Fay had not failed to observe Hattie's whole-hearted endeavors to make herself the life and soul of the party, and was only too well aware that Hattie in the rôle of chaperon was for this night what Don Gerould would call a washout. They were despairing glances, therefore, that cast about for an emergency resort —and discovered that Don, like the perfect dear he had turned out to be, had read her signals of distress and already was deftly picking his way through the rout of dancers.

"I say, Fay! It's getting a bit early, if you don't know it. Not that I mind, but you made me promise to keep an eye on the clock."

Reseda said something which Fay heard as a growl only; Hattie Neale, rollicking by with her Mr. Conover, had grasped the situation and made an abrupt halt to pluck the girl aside.

"Listen, baby," she huskily whispered: "be reasonable. If Manny wants to take you home, let him—you'd be a perfect goose not to. Why, anybody can see he's simply mad about you."

"Oh, I hope not! And besides, Don—"

"Don't tell me you're such a little sap as to think Don Gerould's doing anything but amusing himself. Don't you know he's engaged to Letty Delavan? It was in all the papers only a few weeks ago—"

"Of course," Fay lied with a straight face, if with lips perhaps a thought too much so—"I've known about it all along. What of it?"

"Attababy! I was only afraid maybe you were letting yourself get soppy about him. Of course a girl in your position can't afford to let a bad actor like Don stand in the way of making herself solid with Manny Reseda."

Hattie skittered back to that shadow which she had so unceremoniously shed, with not one word about her promise to see Fay safely home! In all likelihood Hattie had never for a moment meant to keep it. . . .

A dashed Fay turned back, so subdued that she was but dimly sensitive to a certain tensity that was affecting the gestures of both gentlemen, young Gerould's less than his host's, however.

"Sorry," she heard Don saying, "if you think anything could make me forget the obligations of a guest. Many thanks, I'm sure, and good night." He conspicuously forgot to offer a hand, and showed Reseda a cool back as he gayly cocked an eyebrow at the girl. "Ready, Fay?"

"Oh! Are you off, Don? So soon!"

THE blink which acknowledged that touch was almost funny. But Fay was too furious with herself to be influenced by it. And yet, having once yielded to the demon of perversity which Hattie had awakened, she was helpless for the time being to cast off its dominion: the same brittle affectation marked her surrender of two fingers.

"You're staying, then?" Don inquired with a politeness more maddening still because its insincerity was undisguised.

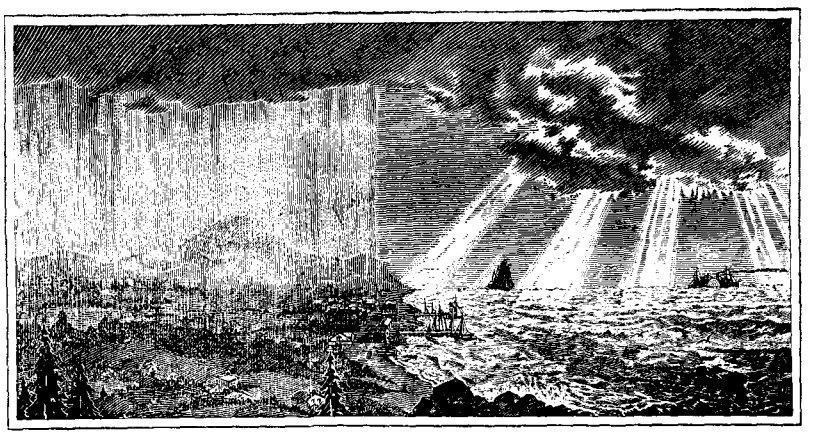
"Mr. Reseda has kindly offered to see me home," Fay informed him. And took her fingers to herself again. "Good night."

The young man made her a gay bow and went his way; not unaware, perhaps, that the girl he left behind him was ready to weep for shame, that she, a Lascelles, should have permitted cheap pique so to disparage her breeding.

"That's the stuff!" Reseda added something less articulate, gutturals that sounded like "Puppy!" And Fay felt more than saw the proprietorial color which was staining his grin. "How about it, lil girl? Want I should phone down for the car right away? Or wait a few minutes maybe?"

"I'll be ready when it is." If that speech was curt, she couldn't help it.

(*Continued on page 48*)



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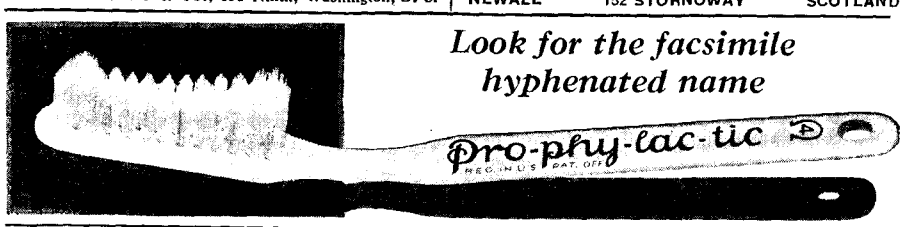

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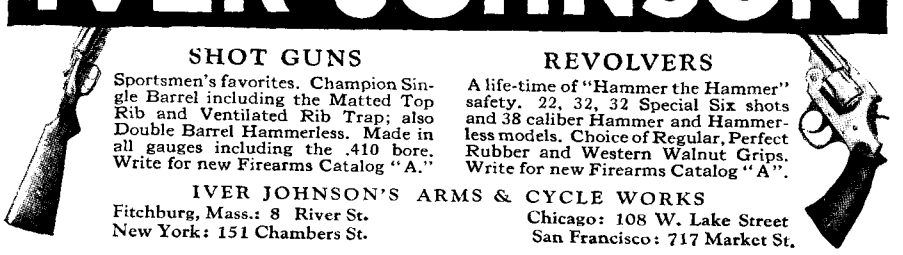

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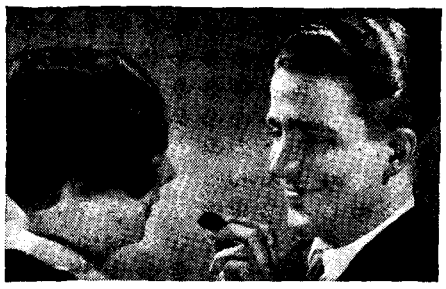

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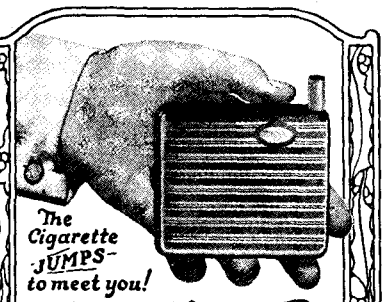

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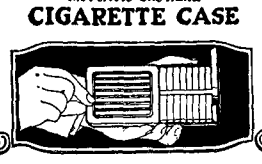

They Call It Love

Continued from page 47

"As soon as I've said good night to some people, I'll get my wraps."

But Lona was no longer dancing, and Fay looked for her in vain among the loyal customers of the buffet. These importuned the girl to bide with them, for the success she had scored had been real, flat though she was finding its savor now; and, extricating herself with some difficulty, she was climbing to the balcony when, halfway up, a turn of the winding staircase opened a view into the foyer, and she saw Lona in there with Carl Lander—this last, his overcoat already on, holding that fur coat of hers for the girl to don.

The two had the foyer all to themselves and seemed curiously forgetful of the open doorway, for when his arms wrapped the coat round her Lander deliberately drew the fair girl back into them, and she suffered him a little, her head sinking to rest its languor on his shoulder, her eyes and mute, unsmiling lips offering their seduction. But when the man bent to prove his mettle Lona changed her mind in a twinkling, with a sudden squirm left his embrace and stood away, insolently lovely and merry at his expense. Lander, however, could wait; his quiet smile said as much as he took up hat and stick and opened the hall door.

BUT, of course, Fay argued as she delayed in the dressing-room, dismally reviewing the wreckage her own common vanity had caused, all that meant nothing, really. Lander had made no secret of his captivation, and coquetry was beauty's birthright; Lona were less than woman should she fail to exercise it on such provocation. Not only that but Carl Lander was in his quiet way nice, not a bit like Manny Reseda, almost as nice as Don . . . but so different!

What a silly little fool she had made of herself!

When she couldn't put it off any longer, Fay went down to find Reseda impatiently pawing the floor of the foyer; skulking there lest his guests discover his defection. He gloated all the way down in the elevator, however, and with so much unction that Fay was wickedly glad when, having handed her into the car, he asked her address for the chauffeur's instruction.

"What's the big idea?" he growled, slamming the door and sinking heavily back—"living in South Albany!"

"It's pretty near as bad, isn't it? We had to go way uptown, you see, to find any rent we could afford. We haven't much money now, you know, only what Beau and I earn."

Sheer nervousness was making her say much more than she had meant to!

"You're going to make more before long," her companion came out of a spell of heavy thought to declare—"or my name ain't Manny Reseda. Hattie Neale says you've got talent, all right, and Modes and Manners is making good money; it can offord to pay a little girl like you all she's worth, and something over, maybe. I'll make it my business to see you're treated right on the pay roll."

"You're awfully kind, but I do hope you don't think—"

"I'm like that," the creature freely confessed; "when I take a liking to anybody, there isn't anything too much for me to do for them. I'll say a good word about your brother to Carl Lander too. Carl and I are just like that"—laced fingers posed a graphic stencil against the window—"Carl will do anything I want. Anything."

"I'm sure . . ."

That murmur failed. What could one say to such pledges of largesse?

"And anything Carl wants I should do for any friend of his, why, it's done soon's he mentions it: that's me. You'll meet a lot of people, first and last, that'll tell you they owe pretty much everything to Manny Reseda. There's a little girl out in Chicago, now, I took a shine to, once. She was one of our stenos. To-day she owns the swellest beauty parlor on Michigan Avenue, and then there was—"

"I wonder," Fay hastily put in, to stem this gush of pregnant reminiscence—"if you couldn't do something for Lona Schell."

"Lona Schell?"

That echo carried an intonation akin to a queer glint of mistrust in the eyes that rolled to Fay's.

"She's only got a little money, she said to-night, and she's come on to New York to study for the stage. . . . But how stupid of me!" Fay gave a false laugh. "I'm forgetting: One of the first things Lona told me was that you were the only person she knew in New York, almost."

"Of course I'll do something for her," Reseda indignantly replied. "Didn't she tell you I'd promised to speak to Ziegfeld? Don't you fret, Lona'll get along all right. Anyway, it isn't her I want to speak about; it's you."

"But I'm not half so interesting. And she's the loveliest thing I've ever seen. Don't you think so?"

"Lona? She's a looker, all right. But she hasn't got your sweet nature." A fat hot hand closed on one of Fay's. "I've known a lot of girls in my time, but never one like you, Fay—little Fay!" Reseda leaned nearer to let a covetous regard, and worse, play upon her face. "Sweetest little trick I've ever—"

"Please, Mr. Reseda—"

"Call me Manny."

"Please let go my hand. You hurt."

"I didn't mean to." The pressure was relaxed, but the hand still humidly retained. "I'll make you a bargain: I'll let you have your hand for a kiss. That's fair—"

"Oh, please! The chauffeur can see—"

It was true, the rear-view mirror was so adjusted that it framed the chauffeur's eyes; the interior of the car was therefore open to the man whenever he might choose to consult that telltale.

"The chauffeur?" Reseda chuckled. "Carl Lander's chauffeur? That's laughable. You bet me your life I keep *his* mouth gummed tight."

Fay wrenched out of her corner to the edge of the seat—not altogether a happy move, since it made it easy for Reseda to pass an arm round her.

"Come now!" he breathed in her ear: "be reasonable. One little kiss never hurt anybody. . . . What the devil?"

The brakes were pulling the car to a rude halt on the edge of a drive in Central Park. Reseda released Fay and sat up, mouthing imprecations. She had barely time to bless whatever chance it was that gave her this respite, and to observe that the driver's seat was empty, when the door at her knees was thrown open and the chauffeur thrust his head and shoulders in.

"Come out of it, Reseda!" he curtly ordered—"come out of it, you swine, or I'll come in and fetch you out by your *fat snout!*"

Simultaneously he found the switch for the dome light. Its glow drenching the interior, discovered the features, conspicuously drawn now and pale, of Don Gerould.

(*To be continued next week*)

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"Stand By to Ram!"

Continued from page 19

a wide tongue of yellow flame. With it went a cloud of wreckage. The big after mast sprang skyward as if released by a spring. A terrific roar deafened us. The transport had blown up amidships. This was my first hint of the dreadful experience just ahead.

"At my signal our boats went down. They did not wait for orders to pick up the torn wretches who had been blown into the sea. Also there were those who, maddened by fear, began throwing themselves over the transport's side.

"I did some fast thinking. Remember, it was dark. I hadn't any idea how many people there were aboard the French ship. My complement was less than 100. I knew a destroyer could crowd 300 on her decks. Little did I reckon on the total of nearly 500 human beings I was to be deluged with a few minutes later.

"Just then one of my boats returned with a semihysterical fellow from the burning ship, 'She's loaded with powder!' he literally screamed at me. 'She will blow up in a moment! You will be blown up too!' Another explosion interrupted his frenzy. My worst fears were realized.

"I told my watch officer to have men stand by to flood our magazines, which carried their full allowance of high explosives. One lucky shot from the crazy Vinh-Long and we would start popping the way she was. Moreover, the water was now covered with flaming fuel oil."

Sooner or later every commanding officer finds himself in a position involving the safety of others. In such a jam he must decide what is the best course to take. His decision may mean great peril, even death, to those under him. But his power, like his responsibility, is at sea supreme.

"Of course," says the young commander, "my whole impulse was to do what I could for the poor wretches on the blazing ship before me. But I could not forget that I had nearly a hundred fine young Americans on my own vessel. They were ready to obey my every order. The sight of men dying did not make them flinch. But I confess I flinched inwardly when I thought of asking them to do what now seemed the only right and decent thing for a ship of the United States Navy to do."

It was all a matter of seconds. But Edwards made his decision after real thought. "The greatest good to the greatest number," was the keynote of his next move. He would put his little boat alongside the Vinh-Long, with all her explosives!

"Stand by your lines!" he ordered.

Deck hands spread quickly to the coils of rope that were faked down near chocks on the destroyer's main deck.

Crash—bang! Again on the transport. More screams, and smoke clouds slit by flame. But the Yankee sailors did not falter.

"She's a warm baby, all right!" one lad remarked with a grin. Five minutes later he was under the surgeon's care, his flesh seared by a fragment of hot steel.

A Daring Feat

A SCENE more violent than before now ensued. The Vinh-Long's passengers knew that their ship might at any moment be blown to bits beneath their feet. They stampeded to the rail. For a moment it looked as if the Bainbridge would be swamped by the human cataract that poured upon her.

But, as before, the drama was harshly interrupted—this time by an explosion so terrific that it nearly threw all hands off their feet. All were temporarily blinded.

How anyone survived that burst, or why both ships were not instantly sunk, one cannot say. Indeed, Edwards cannot even remember what occurred in the succeeding moments. All he knows is that when he regained his senses the destroyer was some distance away from the transport and lying at right angles to her. Every mooring line had been severed.

Says the commander: "I glanced at the black mass of humanity huddled near the Vinh-Long's bow. The flames aft were reaching toward them. Minor explosions continued."

"No serious damage aboard—yet, sir," reported the watch officer, saluting. There was an ominous note in his "yet."

Now came the superb feat of the day. The American captain had to act quickly and with success or all was lost. With a daring and resourcefulness worthy of the best traditions of the United States Navy, Edwards threw all hope into a final stroke of seafaring genius.

"Stand by to ram!" he cried. "Check water-tight doors! Flood the forward magazines without orders if necessary!"

He rang up the engine telegraphs: "Full speed ahead." He knew if he could cut deep into the Vinh-Long's hull he would flood her between-decks. This might check the fire. And it would give those still aboard her a chance to escape. Of course, he realized such a move might also be the end of the Bainbridge.

Coolly Edwards had the helmsman put her on a point near the transport's bridge. Perfect seamanship was required or the destroyer would only sink herself. But the knifelike stem crunched into the steel plates and the bold maneuver was successful.

Knowing that every second counted, no effort was made to control the rush to escape from the floating charnel house. Nor did the mob need any urging. Death was at their heels.

Clear of the Wreck

ALL the while the flames came closer. The minor explosions grew more frequent. Suddenly those on the destroyer's bridge became conscious of a lunatic on the forecastle. One could see he was a French officer, despite the shredded condition of his uniform, which clung in rags about him. He sprang into the air and waved his arms at the bridge. He was yelling hoarsely in his own tongue.

Then Edwards got him. He was telling what the smoke and uproar hid: that everyone alive was off the Vinh-Long.

"I nearly yanked our engine telegraphs out by their roots throwing them into reverse," says the commander. "We backed clear of the blazing wreck. Our skins, most of them, were whole, and we were still afloat.

"But our work was not yet done. Aboard us some were dead; others were dying. Anguished screams of those burned were heart-rending.

"Leaving the slowly sinking transport behind us, we put on all speed for Constantinople. A few hours later we sighted the French flagship in the harbor. I had already radioed for medical help."

The first one aboard was the French rear admiral commanding naval forces in the Levant. In Latin fashion he hugged Edwards and kissed him on both cheeks. Charitably he directed that at once all survivors be transferred to his flagship. As there was not an inch of standing room aboard the American destroyer, this was a relief.

In the next breath he began inquiring excitedly for Madame somebody. Edwards couldn't make out the name.

Just then the plump female figure of a middle-aged Frenchwoman emerged from the forward hatch. She wore the jumper and pants of an American bluejacket. All began to chuckle, and Edwards was on the point of calling the French admiral's attention to the grotesque figure.

But at that moment the admiral sprang forward. In two jumps he reached the betrousered lady. With straining arms he embraced her. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he showered her with kisses.

"*It is Madame Grand-Clement, wife of Vice Admiral Grand-Clement, my boss!*" he finally shouted over his shoulder.

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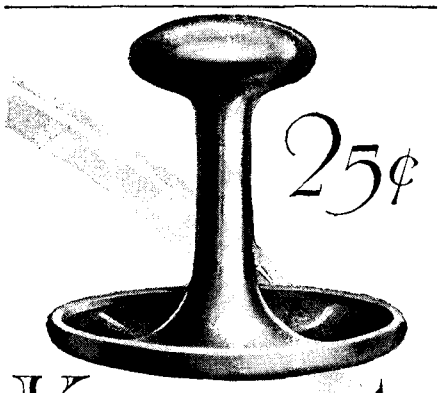

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Krementz

If the wear and tear of Time had no more effect upon men than it has on a Krementz Collar Button there would be no search for the Fountain of Youth.

Guaranteed a Lifetime!

DETROIT
"A Wonderful City"

THE Eyes of the World are focused upon Detroit because of its remarkable growth and prosperity. Its own people give daily evidence of their faith in its future by factory expansion, new industries, mammoth buildings and the erection of homes and more homes.

Detroit's natural beauty, its water and rail facilities, its industrial opportunities, its educational and home life advantages and its spirit of contentment and progress have attracted people from everywhere.

Fortunes have been made in Detroit Real Estate—the investor has exceptional opportunity here. Yet this "Wonderful City" is only beginning its career as a great commercial and industrial center.

For those who would like to share in the profits, we have compiled the vital facts in a book profusely illustrated, with wonderful airplane views.

Free

You should have this book. It is mailed free upon request.

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Collier's EDITORIALS

Give Your Doctor a Chance

DO YOU remember the work of General Gorgas in Panama?

Gorgas was the government doctor whose skill conquered the fevers of the tropical jungles and made possible the digging of the Panama Canal.

In Panama men could work only if the government did its job of fighting mosquitoes. No man alone could avoid disease. The power of the government was needed to clean up the isthmus before the steam shovels could dig.

An inspiring record, but don't let admiration for what the government did divert attention from your own responsibility.

Just now the responsibility for going forward in the ceaseless war against disease is yours and not the government's. Listen to Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of public health at Columbia University, and one of the leading sanitarians of the country. At a recent medical congress he said:

"The periodic health examination, as proposed by the American Medical Association, can be relied upon to have a greater influence in reducing sickness and death rates than all the power and expenditures of public and private health agencies combined."

Experience not less striking than that of General Gorgas in Panama lies behind Dr. Emerson's bold assertion.

The periodical health examination is the next long step toward a reduction of the sickness and death rates.

There is little new in the idea. For centuries the Chinese have paid doctors to keep them well rather than to cure them when they are sick.

A dozen years ago a few insurance companies and some of the universities took up the Chinese idea and applied it with the aid of Western science. Great things happened.

Take for example the experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

That company offered free health examinations to certain classes of policy holders.

The medical examinations cost money, lots of it, but the expenditure paid. It lowered the expected death rate 28 per cent and saved money.

Those who were examined gained life and health because they were able to check dangerous tendencies.

Between the age limits of 40 and 60 the greatest gains were made. Incipient diseases were diagnosed in time.

It is not necessary to wait for an insurance company to goad you into a health examination.

Go to your own doctor once a year and get a thorough examination. You do as much for your automobile if you expect it to give lasting service. Why not give yourself as great a measure of security?

Up in Smoke

LAST year the average American smoked 700 cigarettes and 55 cigars.

For the sixth year cigarette consumption has continued to break all records, while the cigar habit has been declining.

Advertising accounts chiefly for this change in public taste. Cigarette makers have attracted national attention to their wares and stimulated the demand for them.

Twenty-five years ago every community had its own preferred cigarettes. Publicity broke down sectional lines and created national markets.

Many men learned to smoke during the war, and in numerous states women acquired the habit about the same time.

Along with their more widespread use, the public feeling about cigarettes has changed. The old arguments about the harmfulness of tobacco are no longer convincing.

Science is not at all certain about the actual effects of the tobacco habit. We used to be told about the deadly qualities of nicotine while, as a matter of fact, the smoker gets no nicotine; it is obtained by distillation, not burning.

Smoking may be good for some and bad for others. The doctors are neither sure nor unanimous.

Smokers should remember the old Roman who never smoked but who held that "in everything the middle course is best."

Prosperous

WE ARE prosperous now because hard times taught us the trick of hand-to-mouth buying.

Adversity came in the past because we were extravagant during seasons of prosperity.

The buyers' strike of 1919 taught the needed lesson. Manufacturers and merchants were caught with warehouses and shelves full of goods which could not be profitably sold.

When confidence returned, hand-to-mouth buying began and it has continued.

The benefits of the new custom are numerous. Goods won't become stale if they are immediately sold and consumed. Prosperity can't be threatened by a surplus so long as a hand-to-mouth policy prevents the accumulation of a surplus.

The new system is made practicable by the motor truck and competent railroad management.

Prudent buying is as good for individuals as it is for business.

Buy thoughtfully always, and don't purchase what you can't soon use.

Keep the Colleges Free

EDUCATION is opportunity. That is the reason American colleges are bulging with students.

All told, nearly three quarters of a million young men and young women are in college.

The colleges and universities have done well by us.

Without them no modern business and no profession, least of all agriculture, could be successfully carried on.

If the universities and colleges are to do the best for the students, as well as for the public, teachers must be men and women of vigor, courage and independence. Cowards are not good educators.

For this reason, the recent arbitrary dismissal of President Henry Suzzallo by the Regents of the University of Washington is an outrage.

While working for the government during the war, Suzzallo incurred the hostility of a Washington lumberman, who is now governor of the state. A politician fed his grudge and the students of the University of Washington suddenly find themselves without a leader.

Ways must be found to safeguard state schools against the menace of unscrupulous politicians.

The dismissal of President Suzzallo is unfair to public education and to the men and women whose future is put in jeopardy.

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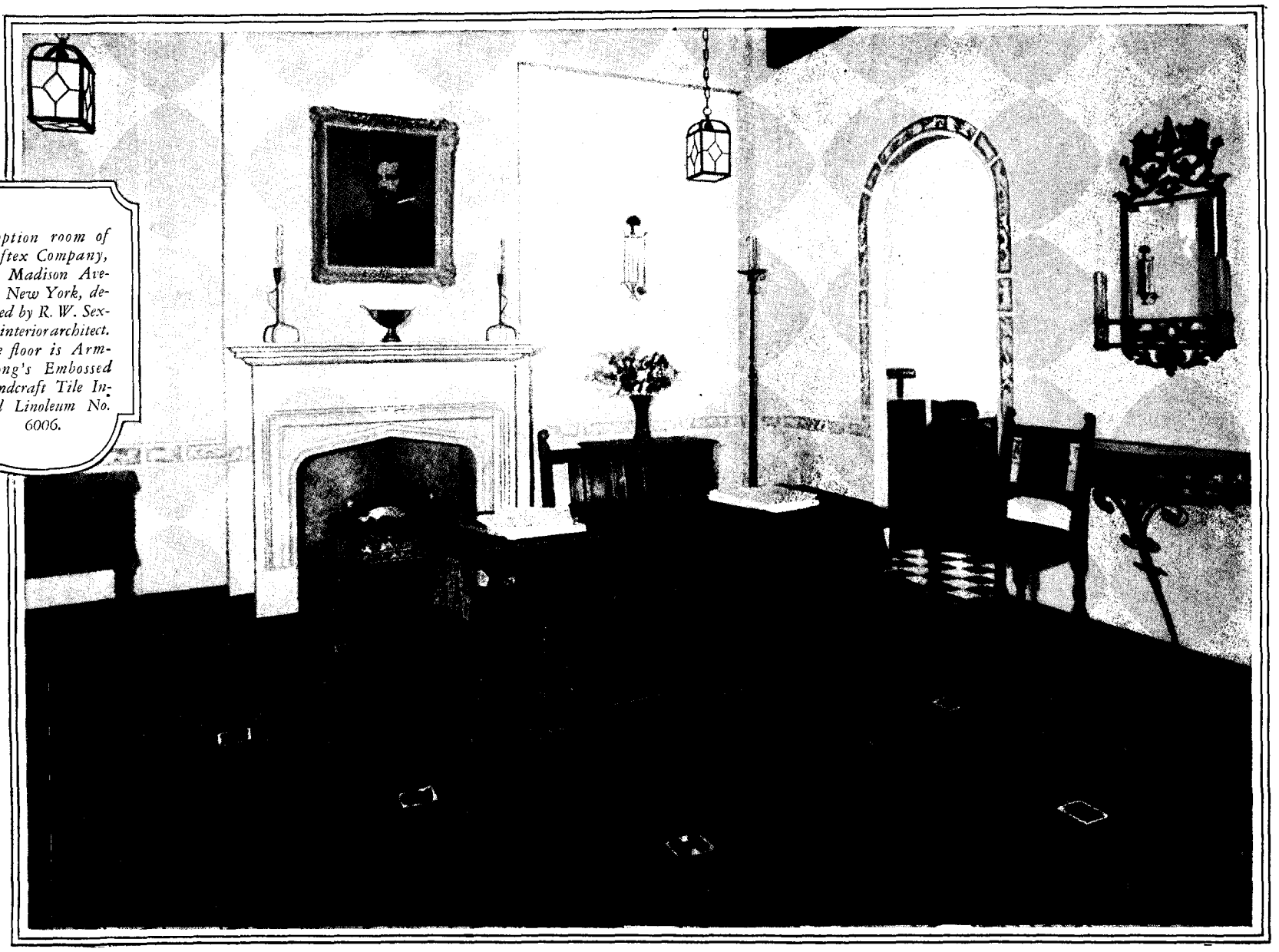


Reception room of Craftex Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York, designed by R. W. Sexton, interior architect. The floor is Armstrong's Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum No. 6006.

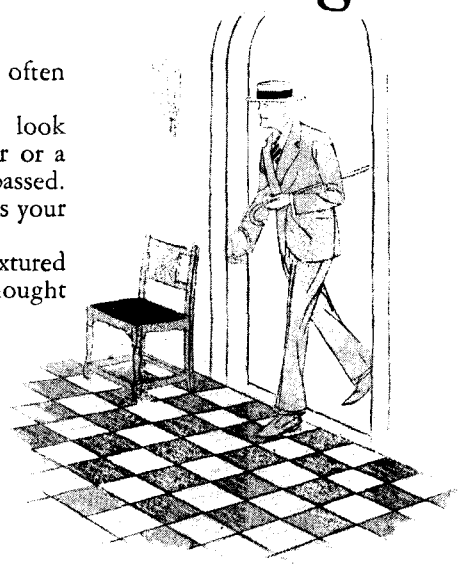
"Walk right in"

these floors invite good business

"WHAT kind of place have they?" is a question you often hear asked about a business.

The public—your customers—like to walk in and look and, whether you sell merchandise across the counter or a ice over the desk. Comments are made. Opinions are passed. l the *appearance* of your office or store invariably affects your s opportunities.

When the Craftex Company, makers of a decorative textured finish, planned their new New York sales office they thought eat deal about *appearance.* They were not content ely with the display of their product on the walls. y wanted a floor that would help the public see t they had to sell. They found it in the new ossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum floor that see in the illustration of their office. This is the est development in modern linoleum design, and tainable only in Armstrong's Linoleum.



Jaspé Tile Inlaid Pattern No. 78

Could any other floor offer as much?

floor contributes color, pleasing color, in keep- vith fine office appointments. Its design, a hand- ile effect raised above the mortar lines, blends rably with fine wall finishes.

id to the end of the busiest day, this Armstrong : keeps its smart, spick-and-span appearance. In fact, with a nightly dry-mopping, and a waxing and polishing once or twice a month, the linoleum floor actually gets better-looking. Cleaning costs are lower than for other floors.

But this floor has other virtues, too. It is a quiet floor, easy and springy to walk on. It never needs refinishing. It can be quickly and permanently cemented in place at a cost surprisingly low, and it lasts for a lifetime. Can any other floor give all these advantages?

At stores near you

The Embossed Inlaid design selected by the Craftex Company is one of many new Armstrong Floor designs now on display at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near you. The merchant you see will gladly help you select a pattern that best suits your requirements. He is also prepared to give you estimates for the complete installation. Call on him some noon time, or telephone for samples and costs.

A book you should have

"Enduring Floors of Good Taste" tells how to end floor-refinishing costs. It tells how to reduce cleaning bills. It shows color reproductions of linoleum patterns appropriate for business use, and photographs of modern installations of Armstrong's Linoleum in which pride and good taste have achieved sales-attracting results. Write for this free book. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2617 W. Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

AIN INLAID JASPÉ PRINTED

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THESE GREAT ENGINEERING DISCOVERIES

have revolutionized the whole trend of American automobile design

Don't expect modern performance efficiency from an old-fashioned chassis. Don't look for present-day economies in an automobile designed 3 or 4 years ago. Study the modern trend if you seek the utmost for your money.

BLOCK TEST IN WILLYS-OVERLAND ENGINEERING LABORATORIES REVEALS AMAZING EFFICIENCY OF OVERLAND SIX "HIGH-TORQUE" ENGINE

TO the average man "engineering" simply means a lot of technical graphs, charts and blueprints.

He never thinks of engineering in terms of performance, comfort and resale value.

Thinking that way may cost you money. Don't do it.

Today, engineering is a subject very close to your pocketbook. To a large extent it determines the price you pay for a car, what it costs you to run it, and what you get when you sell it.

New engineering developments

Dramatic changes have recently taken place in automobile standards of design. Modern engineering science has developed a new type of motor car, different from anything you have ever known before.

Vastly improved performance. More power. Quicker starting. Quicker stopping. Plus greater operating efficiency . . . these are the brilliant achievements of modern design, today embodied in the new-type Overland Six.

It is new all through . . . designed and built as a unit . . . not an old-fashioned, reconstructed chassis.

To all outward appearances this car looks very much like conventional automobiles as you know them. Except that it is a great deal lower to the ground. And smartly European in appearance.

But hidden beneath the body are scores of vital engineering improvements that have practically revolutionized its performance standards . . . improved its riding qualities . . . cut operating costs to a minimum . . . and added immeasurably to its length of service.

This new car is built to meet modern traffic conditions. You can drive it steadily at speeds of 40 to 55 miles an hour without strain or excessive wear on the engine.

Its "high-torque" super-efficient power plant has ample power to master the steepest hills on high. Gear shifting has been reduced to the minimum.

It has a low gravity center. An outstanding engineering feature due to these modern principles of design. This means safety. It means protection against sideway and serious skidding. And it means comfort such as you've never found in any car of this type before.

A car of modern design

It took 2½ years to design and build the Overland Six. And in addition 12 months to test it. No car ever built received more careful study from the engineering standpoint.

It embodies the major advantages of 18 of Europe and America's finest motor cars. Plus many other features our own engineering staff developed.

The Overland Six will turn in a 40-ft. circle. Rear springs are underslung and 52 inches long. 141 square inches of braking surface provide an ample safety margin.

It is a car of outstanding comfort . . . with more inside space. More cubic feet capacity than the average automobile of this price.

The result is ample comfort for 5 full-size passengers . . . with plenty of room to step in or out . . . ample space in which to stretch your legs with the utmost ease.

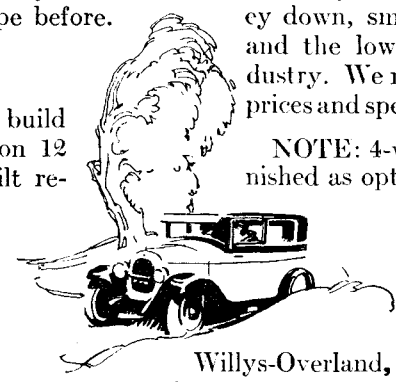
The seats are wider, the windows larger, the doors much broader. All features you'll certainly appreciate when you inspect rival cars of this price. It is a strikingly beautiful automobile. Every line, every curve and contour is the result of painstaking study. A famous artist created it.

Do you wonder then that we urge you to see this wonderful new-type car—that we ask you to compare the values offered before making up your mind? Don't buy blindfolded. See the Overland Six and find out how modern engineering has contributed to the safety, security and comfort of motoring.

* * *

The new Willys Finance Plan means less money down, smaller monthly payments, and the lowest credit-cost in the industry. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

NOTE: 4-wheel brakes are now furnished as optional equipment at slight extra cost. Other Overland Six prices include: Touring, $825; Coupe, $825; De Luxe Sedan, $975. All prices f. o. b. factory.



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OVERLAND Six $835 F.O.B. Factory

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